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RITA MARTIN.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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NAMES.

ONE of the most eminent novelists of the present time has taken as a theme for his new story the mysticism attached to names. The theme must suggest a great many topics of thought to the ingenious mind. The highest point of mystery is, of course, reached in the word for Jehovah, which no one, not even the high priest, ever uttered. Legend says that it was written on a piece of parchment, and then, to secure it from curious eyes, the high priest cut through his skin and buried it in his body, whence it was taken out by his successor. Every religious thought is imitated in superstition, and in magic we continually come across instances of the power ascribed to a name. In the "potions and spells," of which Sir W. Gilbert made such excellent fun many years ago, the name muttered over the concoction was supposed to impart its mysterious qualities. Sir Walter Scott, who loved these dying beliefs as scarcely anybody else ever did, has many an allusion to the mystic name which, when uttered, made the very dead move and caused huge buildings to rock to the foundation. Perhaps, too, something of the same feeling about names was experienced by the Paladins, who gave names to their swords, of which the most famous was, of course, King Arthur's Excalibur. But "Roland brave and Olivier" also had their good swords with names, which seemed to add to their power. It is curious that the warriors of ancient time did not ascribe victory to their own strength or valour, but to the god or goddess who came to their relief at the most critical moment, or to the sword which had miraculous powers. All this points, at any rate, to a belief in the human race that the name was something more than a mere appellation. Probably the man of science, curtly dismissing such speculation, would define a name as the sound by which we agree to distinguish one object from another. A man, for instance, used to be known in the England of early

days by his occupation. He was smith or reeve, steward, taylor or shoemaker, and all of these words became surnames in time. In some of the fishing communities of Scotland they still have a habit of giving what is called a "to-name," which reminds us of the older usage. A to-name is added to distinguish people of the same name but different families. Thus you get "Mary's Wat," "Jimmie's Jock," "Maggie's Elsie" and so on. It would be as hard a task to find any mystic reason for this kind of naming as it would be to discover mysticism in the term "Carrots" which the rude street-boy addresses to the red-haired serving-maid. In the language of the street there is nothing "wrapped up" about all this. A real mystery grows round a name with which we are familiar; but this again the man of science would probably describe as a mere matter of association.

The poets furnish us with the most familiar examples. The name of Tennyson or "Tennysonian," for example, suggests at once a Lincolnshire rectory, a purling brook, a May morning and larks singing in the sky. Wordsworth and "Wordsworthian" stand for Nature in a different way. Byron and "Byronic" come to signify a way of looking at things. And so we might go on through the entire list. A famous man of letters holds half whimsically and half in earnest that a good name is more than half the battle for an author, and he thinks the best name is a trisyllable for the Christian name and a dissyllable for the surname. It is very curious how many names of great men answer to this description. One always thinks of Julius Caesar in connection with greatness in the abstract, and his name provides the requisite trisyllable and dissyllable. William Shakespeare is another excellent example. The first name of Homer we do not know; but it certainly ought to be a word of three syllables. The most musical and most perfect name of this kind was probably that of Jeremy Taylor. Could anything be more euphonious? It is when we come to modern times that the fantastic little theory apparently breaks down. Alfred Tennyson is a reversal of the true order. So was Makepeace Thackeray. But Algernon Swinburne, another splendid name, answers exactly to the requirements. Of many names it may be said that they are the least distinguished attributes of those who possess them. Thomas Hardy, for example, is a dull name, not by any means good enough for the prose poet who has given us such perfect studies of rural life in Wessex. George Meredith's name, on the other hand, was like himself. It does not conform to the rules of euphony, but it achieves distinction in spite of its unconventionality. Famous women have not been so richly endowed with names as their male counterparts. Of course, it is the fashion now to say that Helen of Troy points as far as her name goes only to a sun myth. Cleopatra's name is beautiful, but much more suggestive of majesty than of the magic which enthralled Caesar and Mark Antony. Guinevere is a name that seems to have lost its charm. Perhaps it was that after Tennyson wrote his Idylls it lost the glamour with which Malory had invested it. Iseult is a beautiful name, but it falls strangely on an English ear and scarcely suggests the loveliness that drew Tristram across the sea. On the other hand, Delilah, Jezebel and many other Bible names have taken on a very definite meaning to express the characters with which they are associated. Ruth, Miriam, Bathsheba—each of these recalls a striking incident. But, of course, the greatest name is that of Mary, which seems to suggest in itself all that is lovely in womanhood and all that is tragic in the life of woman.

But our brief survey of various corners of the subject does not seem to yield any clue to that mysticism which is the aspect seized upon by the imagination of the writer of fiction. Probably enough, however, this is due to the attitude of the individual writer, whose curiosity about mysteries and superstitions is of the intellect rather than of the heart. The modern man, instead of seeking for things to wonder at, is always trying to reduce mystery to its lowest possible dimension. There never was an age more addicted to seeking explanations than our own. Probably the men of science have taught the trick to the general public. But when anything occurs either in the mind of the individual or in the external world, the general custom is to ask why and wherefore, and to reject any explanation that cannot be arrived at by simple natural reason. Still, we have every reason to believe that a most attractive story has been woven round the mystery of the name. At any rate, the idea itself carries us straight away to the "shores of old romance."

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland. Her marriage took place in 1884.

* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of this paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



NOTES.

LORD CARRINGTON has taken strong measures for bringing to an end the traffic in decrepit horses. They assume the form of an Order issued by the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, making it compulsory that before a horse is sent abroad notice must be given to the clerk of the local authorities at the port of shipment, from whom a permit must be obtained. A full description is required in order that material may be at hand for judging whether examination by a veterinary surgeon is or is not necessary. In many cases, of course, no such inspection will be called for. For example, when a thorough-bred or Shire stallion is to be exported it would be absurd to pay a veterinary fee in order to ascertain that it was not decrepit. No doubt if this Order, which comes into force on June 1st, is rigorously applied, it must ultimately have the effect of putting an end to this infamous traffic. To some extent, however, we feel sorry that such means should have to be employed. It is another little inroad into the realm of bureaucracy, another addition to that vast army of inspectors whose attentions are more than a little irksome to those who have a genuine business and a genuine interest in it. But in this case interference must be regarded as a necessary evil.

We are informed that the Grouse Commission has now come to what is practically the end of its labours, and is engaged in the last dying act of every Commission, that is, in preparing a report of its proceedings. This document is unlikely to be published earlier than in the autumn, probably it may come out in November, and we expect that it will be an extraordinarily complete account of the life history of this interesting bird. And not only so, but it will give the result of much efficient investigation into the management of moors, methods of game-preserving, and incidental branches of information. It is understood, too, that the members of the Commission have been successful in identifying the bacterium of grouse disease, and are thus able to throw a valuable and interesting light both upon the disease and upon the theories previously held regarding it. The investigation, although it has lasted a long time, has been conducted with the most admirable zeal and energy, and the thanks of owners of moors and sportsmen generally are abundantly due to it.

In another part of the paper we give a brief analysis of the report on the habits of the rook which has been issued by the Estate Agents' Association. Not for the first time has the rook been subjected to strong language. Many a year ago James Hogg, the Ettrick shepherd, wrote that his name was "down in the Devil's book in longhand"; and from the juridical history of Great Britain we know that from time to time many enactments have been passed rendering it compulsory on those engaged in working the soil to use gin, snare and gun to keep the rook within reasonable limits. That is all the estate agents require at the present moment. It would be a sorrowful thing if a war of extermination were directed against those rookeries which form such a charming adjunct to many a tree-embosomed rectory and country house. Still, we cannot expect that the farmer should yield without a struggle his large toll of the harvest he has raised by his never-ending labour. If the rooks multiply

beyond reasonable limits, a little thinning out is not only expedient but necessary, even for their own welfare, for overcrowding is bad even in rookeries.

All of us wish success to the educative efforts now being made by the Poultry Organisation Society, and we hope that the art of producing eggs and poultry for human consumption will be advanced among the small holders who have recently come into existence. Someone ought to teach them, however, that if a great industry is to be founded it is necessary to popularise the product. Let them try to put their goods on the market at the smallest imaginable profit. At present chicken often works out at from a shilling to fifteen-pence a pound. It is not at all unusual for the stores to charge three shillings and sixpence for a bird weighing three pounds. This was the price of a specimen bought in the ordinary way on Monday of this week. As long as this continues the chicken must remain a luxury for the comparatively rich. Experts say, however, that by the most economical feeding the prime cost could be reduced to fivepence or sixpence; one poultry-keeper at least puts the figure at a fraction less than fourpence. Millions of consumers would come in were the prices reduced. Small profits and quick returns is a good motto alike for the chicken-rearer and the egg-producer.

The "nodding daffodil" in its many and greatly varied forms is the one flower of spring that appeals to the fancy of all classes. Not only does it represent richness of colour, but its quiet and graceful beauty as it comes up naturally in orchard or woodland is unsurpassed by any other flowers that open at this time of the year. Even the plains of Heaven were according to classical fancy yellow with asphodel. Shakespeare speaks of the "Daffodils that take the winds of March with beauty," but like other poets he was wrong in his dates. April is the true daffodil month, a fact very evident to visitors to the Royal Horticultural Society's Exhibition on Tuesday. The daffodil dominated the exhibition. But how different the florists' blooms from those of the park and woodland! A close inspection revealed beauties that have yet to be sought in vain in the ordinary gardens. Since hybridists commenced working with the daffodil on an extensive scale some fifteen years ago the whole character of the race has been considerably changed, and we now have flowers that are an improvement in every respect on the varieties from which they have been derived.

PRIMAVERA.

Out of the south-west, sleepy little breezes
Call to each other: Wake! for she is coming,
Back from the realm of dreams and death, our long-lost
Lady of laughter!

Rosy above her gleams the budded almond,
Asphodels bring their flaming gold to greet her,
Primrose and crocus vie to weave a carpet
Meet for her footsteps.

ANGELA GORDON.

It is usually supposed that the camellia is an exotic shrub, and this supposition with regard to the camellia and kindred sorts is still persisted in. The camellia is as hardy as the privet, and the display at the recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society from Lady Tress Barry, St. Leonard's, Windsor, was testimony to the frost-resisting powers of this beautiful evergreen. A group of flowers was displayed gathered from plants in the open ground, white, red and crimson, and in the old gardens, now built over, of the Royal Horticultural Society at Chiswick, which is in the suburbs of London, camellias had grown into large bushes, passing through winters of exceptional severity. It seems strange that the aucuba when first introduced was grown in a greenhouse and the camellia too; but with a wider knowledge of the shrub we knew only as a flower of the greenhouse it is safe and reasonable to plant it in the same way as one would the azalea or many things far less able to withstand an English winter.

Lord Kitchener in America is a striking and commanding figure. In almost every respect he differs from the typical Yankee. He dislikes publicity, has very little taste for ceremonial, interviewers (male and female) he abhors, and after-dinner speaking is one of the lighter accomplishments it is impossible for him to acquire. All these characteristics have been studied with intense curiosity by the most talkative people on the globe. The American journalist has created such an atmosphere of publicity, not only for the public men in our acceptance of the term, but even for private citizens, who have become celebrated or notorious, that the attitude of Lord Kitchener has the charm of novelty for them. It has not prevented them, however, from exercising to the full that gracious

and kindly habit of hospitality which is one of the best features in American society of to-day. Lord Kitchener spoke with evident sincerity, at the banquet given him by the Pilgrims, when he said that he had thoroughly enjoyed the whole of his visit. It was characteristic, however, that the greater part of his short speech should have been devoted to the Military College at West Point, an admirable institution which he has recommended as a model to the Australians, now embarking on a course of military training. But, as he says, it has taken a hundred years' experience to make West Point, and Australia must not hope to arrive at a similar position in a day.

France has clearly a good deal to learn yet about Association football, since her champions lost the other day to an English team by ten goals to one, and even this result, *prima facie* so depressing, was the cause of some jubilation. At Rugby football, on the other hand, a far higher standard has been attained, and in her last International match of the year, against Ireland, France made a really close fight of it. As Ireland were rather unlucky not to beat England and England hold the International championship for the year, it will be seen that the Frenchmen are very far from being despicable opponents. Of their extraordinary enthusiasm, a visitor to Paris saw a pleasant example not long since. Four young men were walking peacefully along in a public place, when suddenly one took off his hat, which was of the ordinary "billycock" type. Instantly the four deployed into line after the manner of attacking "three-quarters," and with this unpromising substitute for a ball executed a most skilful passing movement, in which the "billycock" travelled unerringly up and down the line. Others were busy gripping and wagging their walking-sticks as if they were golf clubs, or practising the perfect swing with their umbrellas. Evidently the flame of enthusiasm for ball games, which has been flickering for some time, is now burning brightly and steadily in France.

First the rabbit was imported into the Antipodes, then the stoat and weasel to check the inordinate numbers of the rabbit. Now New Zealand is being so bereft of native birds that an Act has been passed making the whole of 1910 a close year, and providing that every third year after shall be a close one, at the discretion of the Governor in Council; and all this drastic measure is passed owing to the destruction of bird-life by the stoats and weasels. It is to these small carnivora, at any rate, that the decrease of the bird-life is generally attributed, though there may be many other causes contributing to it. A New Yorker, suffering under the infliction of the imported "English sparrow," suggests for the New Zealanders, with a grim irony, that they should have some of the sparrows sent over there. Then, he says, they would not complain of the lack of bird-life.

It is a singular sign of the times, and yet very easy of explanation if we consider the almost continual wet weather of some of the winter months, that in certain parts of the country those "intermittent streams," as they are called, or sometimes by the more fanciful title of "woe waters," should have shown themselves again after an absence of many years, in which it seems to have been inferred that they had disappeared for good and all. These are almost certainly the product of shallow, level reservoirs which have not been filled to the point of overflowing for several past seasons. The evidence they give that the general water-level of the country is considerably higher than it has been lately, is altogether satisfactory in view of the prospect, which we began to fear we had to face, of its permanent lowering. A less satisfactory feature is reported from Derry in Ireland, where the frogs have made their way into some of the water-pipes supplying the town in such quantities as to choke them and check the supply of water. But this reminder of the plagues of Egypt we may reasonably hope to be only temporary and capable of removal.

Very often, in the pages of this paper, have we insisted on the necessity, for any efficacious action against that common enemy of mankind the rat, that such action should be systematic and combined. A good object-lesson, in little, on its value is supplied in a report lately issued by the municipal authorities of the Danish town of Elsinore, containing some ten thousand inhabitants. Before the systematic attack mentioned, it was found that more than sixty per cent. of its houses were more or less infested by these vermin. This was in February of last year. The Home Secretary made a grant in aid of the municipal expenses in dealing with the situation, on condition that the Ratin Laboratory should be given a free hand in the matter. By last September they were able to report that the sixty per cent. of infested houses was reduced to twenty per cent., and by March of this year there were found only thirty buildings in the town in which there was any sign of rats. It is added that the most satisfactory feature of the case was that the operations had cost less than the estimate. To our mind, however, the most satisfactory feature is the evidence supplied of the possibility of

effectively dealing with the rats if only the whole of a more or less isolated area can be treated at once. That is the essential point.

Uninstructed collectors of pictures could not well receive a clearer warning than is conveyed by the report of the experts on the bequest of the late Mr. J. A. D. Shipley. It will be remembered that he not only bequeathed his pictures to the town of Newcastle, but also a sum of thirty thousand pounds to build a gallery for them. The gift has been rejected. Sir Walter Armstrong and Mr. E. R. Dilden in their report say the collection is "remarkable" numerically. It contains no work of first-rate merit. On the frames, and in a few cases on the canvases, are names of famous artists such as Rubens, Hollein and Corot, but in no instance is there any perceptible ground for such ascription. Out of the huge number they could only select three hundred and sixty-one deserving of admission to a gallery. A considerable number had to be rejected owing to the destruction accomplished under the names of cleaning and restoration. Thus it would appear (1) that Mr. Shipley collected with more zeal than knowledge, (2) that he was frequently imposed on by frauds and forgeries, (3) that he depreciated the value of his property by ill-considered restoration. How these findings would have disillusioned Mr. Shipley, who thought his treasures deserved to be housed in a building to cost thirty thousand pounds.

LEVAVI OCULOS.

Mahomed, when the mountains stood
Aloof from his so strong desire,
Mahomed, being great and good—
And likewise free—concealed his ire,
And since their will might not be bent
Mahomed to the mountains went.
I too, a clerk of Bedford Row,
Long years the mountains yearned to see,
And since to them I could not go,
Besought that they might come to me.
"If faith," I said, "can mountains move,
How surely should they come for love."
And lo, to-day, I watch them crowd,
Range upon range above my head;
Cordilleras of golden cloud,
And snow-white Andes capite led,
Yea, Himalayas, crowned with snow,
Above my head in Bedford Row.

H. H. BASHFORD.

We hope that burglars and night prowlers generally who pursue their nocturnal games in the neighbourhood of Windsor will take notice of a little item of intelligence which has been published in the papers. It is that Sir Theodore Brinckmann has purchased a trained police dog and presented it to the Clewer police station. This animal, which is described as large and cross-bred, is said to be powerful enough to deal with two men. It will have its home in the police office and be taken out at night by a constable on his beat. What will happen then is something for the imagination of the burglar to puzzle over. It is certain that in the dark a dog's ears and nose give him far quicker warning than a human being receives from his senses, and the burglar hiding in the shrubbery stands a far greater chance of capture if the policeman on duty has not only his bullseye, but a sharp and vigilant dog to help him. The experiment will be watched with interest, because although the system has been adopted on the Continent for some time, this, we believe, is the first police dog that has been officially recognised in Great Britain.

The statement, possibly not quite authoritative, that a person desiring to remain anonymous, but understood to be Mr. W. Astor, has offered an "unlimited" sum in support of the campaign against consumption, strikes the same note of surprise as did the *crédit illimité* with which the bankers were instructed to favour the Count of Monte Cristo. The offer is, at any rate, a very princely one, and given in the best of causes. At the moment a good many sufferers from consumption are disposed, if they have the means, to seek some sanatorium such as Davos or the high health resorts in Colorado. Those who are inclined to try the high air in Colorado would do well to take note of the reported troubles of Mr. Romanes, son of the celebrated man of science, who was only admitted into America, in consequence of the fear of infection from the tuberculosis which he was visiting America especially to cure, after much delay and formality. Even so, he was required to conform to special sanitary laws and to give a money guarantee that he would not break them.

It is a curious thing that the lake-trout in Scotland should always be earlier in their dates of beginning to rise to fly than the same breed of trout in lakes at a slightly lower latitude and a considerably warmer climate in Irish lakes. It might, perhaps, be argued that the brown trout in the one country and the other

have been established in their respective homes sufficiently long to have formed different race habits, although the reasons for the difference are not very evident to us; but it is otherwise in the case of the Loch Leven trout which have been imported into several of the lakes in Ireland. In Loch Leven the trout will often have been rising well to fly for weeks before they will begin to do so in the lakes of the North of Ireland, and earlier than in the South and West. Possibly it is to be attributed to

the different temperature of the water, and if this were carefully ascertained it might be found colder in the Irish than in the Scottish lakes, although, apart from the evidence of the trout, there seems no reason for thinking that this should be so. It is not really necessary to go to Ireland to make the trial. In Scotland itself Loch Ness is an early loch, though so far North. Later, again, are the Sutherlandshire lochs, which, though further North, are probably in a milder climate.

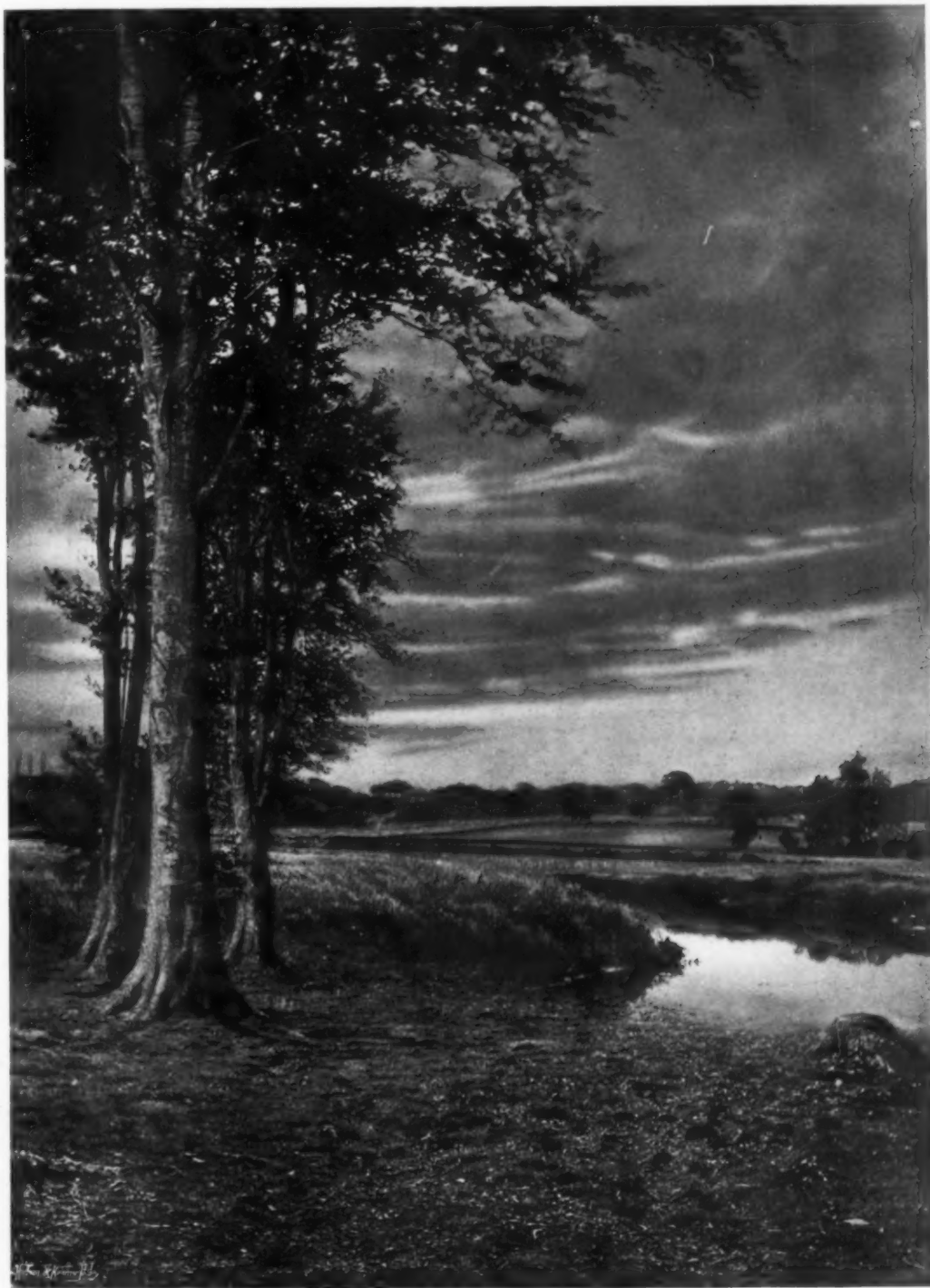
THE EDGE OF THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

IN the turbulent old days Stirling Castle was the key to the Highlands, and the low-lying Ochill Hills, which stretch away past Dollar their outlying portions. The scenery they present has a quiet and natural charm, but it is not sufficiently striking to arrest the hurrying steps of the modern tourist, who, when there, is within driving distance of those central Highlands renowned in poetry and tradition. From Stirling to the Clachan of Aberfoyle, the scene of Baillie Nicol Jarvie's adventures, is within the compass of a summer day's walk, that will take the pedestrian past the beautiful Port of Menteith, in which Mary Stuart dwelt for a period of her childhood, and the

formidable ruin of Doune Castle, where, in comparatively modern times, Simon Fraser made a lawless abduction. At the end of the day, taking his ease at a good inn, the traveller will be within easy reach of the much-traversed and oft-described Trossachs and the Silver Strand, Coil-an-Iogle Ford, Ellen's Isle, and a multitude of passes, fords and the like whose very names speak of war and its incidents. Above him the great Bens rear their heads, and the name of MacGregor still lingers about there, and resounds in the rocky caverns of the lochside where Rob Roy, cateran and sheep-stealer, skulked or kept in hiding. In a word, he may recite "The stag at eve had drunk his fill," and imagine himself

in the heart of the Highlands. The character of the Ochills is not so commanding, and yet anyone interested in either history or poetry will find more than enough to stir and stimulate his thought. From Demoyatt, the highest of the peaks near Stirling, a highly diversified country presents itself to the eye. At the foot of the hill is Stirling Castle, with all its stirring history of a past that is now a completed book. On its walls are sculptured faces curiously similar to those prevailing even now in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and no doubt if the originals could, and were, to come to life, they would soon, with the cool practical wisdom of their race, fall in with the new conditions. But still, those who murdered their King, and those who tried to bar out their enemies by using their own bones as bolts, would be startled to know that there is neither Court nor Sovereign at Holyrood now. Their surprise would be still greater to know that the strongest fortalice of their time could offer no resistance to modern attack. Close at hand is the field of Bannockburn, and, as if to contrast human glory and ultimate human fate, the kirkyard where the bones of John Knox and Andrew Melville are rotting not far from those of the drowned martyrs. If the transitoriness of humanity is thus emphasised, the comparative durability of Nature is equally apparent.

The Links of Forth, where the river, like a silver-scaled serpent, glitters among the green meadows, must have presented the same appearance to the Roman soldiery as they do to the wanderer of to-day. Far away the Forth broadens to the sea that Sir Patrick Spens had to navigate when despatched to "Noroway o'er the faem." Shadowy legend and accurate history alike help to open pages of romance. Yet the neighbourhood has far homelier interests. In a neighbouring county lived in the days of Sir Walter a kindred spirit to his Ramsay



M. Whitehead.

SUMMER IN CLACKMANNAN.

Copyright.



Copyright.

WINTER.

J. M. Whitehead.



WINTER.

J. M. Whitehead.

THE OCHILL HILLS.

J. M. Whitehead.

Copyright.

of Ochertyre, skilled agriculturist, good antiquary and tolerant man of the world. On dying he left behind him many manuscripts describing the Scotland of his day, and particularly the district adjoining the Ochills. Whoever has read them will not be surprised that he does not from the Ochills look down on a wilderness of whin and heather, but on a smiling, rich, well-cultivated district of farms lying along the bases of the hills. Yet Clackmannan, the county chiefly concerned, is not altogether Arcadian in character. Alloa, the busiest of the villages, has a considerable number of industries, chief among which is brewing, and it produces a strong, sweet ale, much prized by those who are connoisseurs. Its yarn and other textile fabrics are equally well known, and, of course, it has a distillery. John Highlandman ever had a taste for good usquebaugh when he met it, and his descendants, having indoctrinated the Sassenach with a taste for "Scotch," have used many of the wildest and most picturesque nooks of their country to manufacture whisky. Thus Alva itself has at the top of its glen the inevitable distillery. In days gone by the Ochill were well known as producers of whisky on less legitimate lines. Semi-agricultural, semi-manufacturing villages like Alloa, Alva, Sauchie,

to be done in the dark. The gauger, as the Scotchmen used to call every description of Revenue officer, did not need to be a Sherlock Holmes to draw the deduction that a bit of coal in the heather, a few ashes washed up by the flowing burn, or a rabbit-hole lined with soot, spoke in no uncertain voice of fire, and of fire that could be used for only one purpose. Of recent years illicit distillery has been less common; but high taxation always encourages it, and who knows what may happen after the ne'er-do-well has had bitter experience of what Lanarkshire men call "The Boogit glass."

In mediæval times the low country that stretches from Stirling to Dunfermline probably was one of the most fertile tracts in Scotland. At any rate, many ecclesiastical establishments were fixed there, and monks, with their proficiency in the arts of field and garden husbandry, seldom chose other than fertile soil. Ruins such as Cambuskenneth Abbey still remain to remind the tourist of that earlier state of things. In connection with this it may be remembered that there is still shown on the island of Menteith what is called Queen Mary's Garden, and legend says that a box tree still standing was planted by her own hands; but this may be as mythical as



J. M. Whitehead.

MOONRISE.

Copyright.

Tillicoultry and Dollar used in the old times to turn out a considerable number of ne'er-do-wells, who in our degenerate days would have gone to swell the ranks of the unemployed. Instead of shedding tears of self-pity they used to take to illicit practices, such as that of poaching game and distilling whisky. The Ochills were not ill-adapted to the latter pursuit, and, no doubt, at first it could be carried on easily enough if only the "worm," the most essential part of the distilling plant, could be acquired and carried safely to its destination. Usually a cave was dug out by a burnside, which made a most convenient site, as refuse could be easily floated away when the river was in spate or flood, and then the water supply itself was an essential. But the Revenue officers became too knowing, and it is doubtful if there is any shebeening in the Ochills to-day.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago there were still alive old practitioners of the art who could tell many stories of the escapes they had had from the Revenue men. The suspicions of the latter were roused by signs it was scarcely possible to conceal. It was necessary, for example, to have coal, and it used to be carried in bags, from which, in spite of all precautions, a small piece was occasionally dropped. Be it remembered that the transport had

the tale of the nun who is said to have been buried alive at the end of the Nun's Walk for illicitly holding correspondence with a monk who rowed over from the mainland. It is curious that at one end of the district we have a place endeared to Scotchmen by memories of the childhood of Queen Mary, and at the other the dark castle of Loch Leven, where she was imprisoned, and whence she escaped to make a last bid for liberty and a crown. She is, of course, a central figure in history, and beside her story that of other notable people with whom various places are associated is of minor importance. In the eighteenth century we have evidence to show that many Englishmen were in the habit of touring as far north as the Ochills, though until Sir Walter Scott showed the way they did not care to penetrate the Highlands themselves. Only two or three travellers of more determined and enterprising character than the others ever ventured into the fastnesses of the hills. Small wonder! They were districts that long after "the '45" remained in a state of semi-rebellion, and life and property were very far from being safe. It was the boast of some of the chieftains that the King's writ did not run in their territory. The inimitable picture given us in "Rob Roy" remained true

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for a long time, or at least would have remained true if we make due allowance for the glamour of romance and do not fail to recognise the sordid side of the cattle-lifting that went on. To-day there are only the most peaceful of shepherds among the hills, and down in the low country thriving agriculturists, many of whom have won great names for themselves as breeders of pedigree and other stock.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE CITY DRAY HORSE.

UNDER this heading an article appears in the new number of the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society of England which is well worthy of attention on the part of farmers who breed horses for town work. It may be well to say at once that Mr. Stuart Heaton does not anticipate any diminution in the demand for this kind of animal. He says that, unless the present system of mechanical traction is altered and improved, there need not be any apprehension regarding the future market. The majority of firms that introduced motor-vehicles have found it necessary to replace a number of them with dray horses. The heavy motor-waggons are doing the work that the railways used to perform before; but for short distances, getting into awkward places, and for travelling on greasy paved streets and soft land, horses are superior to the motor-vehicles. Mr. Heaton thinks, too, that the initial expense, the upkeep and depreciation of motor-vehicles render them incapable of competing successfully with the dray horse. The article is full of practical hints for the farmer and breeder. The writer speaks particularly of the great Lancashire and neighbouring centres of industry; but his remarks will apply equally well to other parts of the country. In the towns of Yorkshire and Lancashire, Shires are almost exclusively used for draught purposes. In the North a few pure-bred Clydesdales are employed, also some crosses between Shires and Clydesdales. The horses in Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds are mainly from 16h. 2in. to 17h. high. They are short-legged, massive and weighty enough to deal with the heavy loads to which they are put. But weight must be accompanied by activity and handiness. Mr. Stuart Heaton emphasises the old proverb, "No foot, no horse," a proverb as sound to-day as ever it was. What he says about shoeing and caulking is most important. Most of the horses are imported from Lincolnshire, the Midland Counties and North Wales, the proportion bred in Lancashire being comparatively small. The horses bred by the farmers in the adjoining district are not sufficiently weighty. The animals are bred, for the most part, by Shire stallions out of Shire-bred mares which have not been considered worthy of entry on the Stud Book. The author says the city horses are not the produce of idle mares, but of those whose owners keep them at ordinary farm labour, regarding the foals as so much extra profit. Usually they are worked to within a few days of foaling and as soon afterwards as possible. The foals are generally broken at about eighteen months old, continuing to work on the land till four or rising five. The young horses are marketed through dealers, public auctions or fairs. The working life of horses in large cities is from four to seven years, that is, when they are doing the work of corporations, railway companies, brewers and other firms. They last longer when they can be changed to light work. At the end of this period they become unsound and unsuitable for heavy labour. The best of them are then purchased by the smaller horse-dealers of the town, and it is to be feared that they eventually find their way back to the small farms, where they are used as breeding stock. Of course, the produce of these half-broken-down animals cannot possibly be good. The geldings are generally sold by auction and put to light work on the road. They bring from ten to eighteen pounds.



W. E. Hayles THE NEW AGRICULTURAL SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

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THE PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF WHEAT.

THERE is no more fascinating study than this at the present moment. The article in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society on the Wheat Prices and the World's Production will be very carefully read, although it is not quite so satisfactory as it should be. The writer is Mr. Layton of Cambridge, and his conclusion seems to us to be considerably weaker than his array of facts. It is that, "although the demand is increasing at a very rapid pace, yet there is ample provision for a long time to come." Of course, that is a question to interest philosophers who are afraid that the world's supply of food may run short. What the practical farmer wants to understand is what the effect will be upon prices. It is beyond question that there are wheat-growing areas in the world sufficient to feed the population for a long time to come. What we want to know is the expense at which this can be done. The land at present out of cultivation is not brought into it simply because the owners will get no remuneration. The only cause that will bring land under wheat in this country, and in every other country, is an increase in price. Of course, production will keep pace as nearly as possible with consumption, only it will cost the consumer more. Mr. Layton points out effectively enough what are the determining factors in the situation. As people crowd into towns they become greater bread-eaters than they were in the country, and he says, "It must be remembered that a rising standard of comfort only means a demand for wheat in its initial stages. As the peasant or poor artisan who formerly ate rye begins to improve his economic position he takes to eating wheaten bread. But he soon gets all the bread he requires, and a further rise in his income simply means a greater expenditure on meat and on his other requirements." Theoretically, this is true enough, but it is impractical. If we take Great Britain alone, there are still millions of consumers in it, whose standard of living may be expected to rise, whose consumption of bread may be expected to increase. On the Continent of Europe nearly all the nations still consume vast quantities of rye and other black breads, which they will lay aside as soon as they can obtain wheaten bread. In the East there are mighty nations coming into rank as consumers of wheat. Production never can keep pace with this. Moreover, as Mr. Layton incidentally remarks, the tendency in every country is for the field to be forsaken for the towns, where the chances of life are so much greater. If this continues at the present rate for another quarter of a century, it must obviously add to the expense of growing wheat, so that the rise in price is likely to be considerably more important than Mr. Layton expects. For his conclusion is that "wheat prices may be expected to remain steady as in the past, but at a slightly higher level than in the later decades of the nineteenth century." What he means by being steady we do not exactly know. In the first decade of the nineteenth century the average price was four guineas a quarter; in the next, it was rather more than four and a half guineas; in the third, it had sunk to a little less than three pounds; in the fourth, it was still sinking, as it was in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth decades. Then we come into the time of the great glut, with an enormous fall. It took about thirty years for the world to digest the enormous supply of food which began to be opened up about 1879; but now the old economic law has worked in the inevitable way, and a state of things is being disclosed that has always prevailed hitherto in the world's history; that is to say, the mouths are a little more numerous than the food provided for them.

A very interesting part of the paper is that in which Mr. Layton gives the dates of harvest in different countries.

A glance at the table which appears in our "Correspondence" column will show that a continuous supply of wheat is ensured for every portion of the year, and this fact derives importance from the circumstance that we import about four-fifths of the wheat we consume; but, obviously, the supply cannot come in at the same rate. It would not pay Australian farmers, for example, to sell wheat to English buyers at the same rate that it would pay Canada to do so. But this is only an illustration of

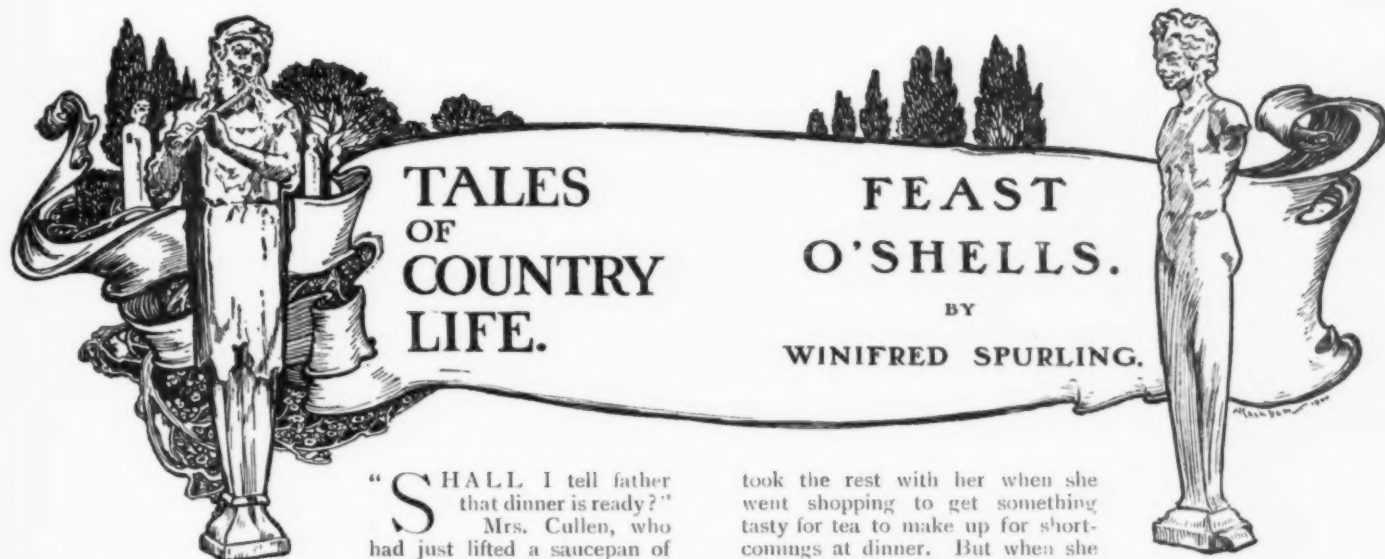
the general principle we have propounded that land will come into wheat cultivation just as the price rises and in proportion to that rise.

NEW BUILDING FOR AN AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

On the 26th inst. is to be opened the new Agriculture Building of the University of Cambridge. The picture now reproduced will show how worthy this important branch of the University's activities will in future be housed. The work to be done there is none too richly endowed, and there may be some critics who will complain that a less imposing building would have served the purpose equally well. That, however, is a narrow view. The value to agriculture of the studies to be pursued there has its fitting symbol in the dignified elevations built from the designs of Mr. Arnold Mitchell, and it may be hoped that the extensions contemplated in the complete scheme will not be too long delayed.

*Herbert G. Ponting.**ON THE YANG-TSE-KIANG.*

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"SHALL I tell father that dinner is ready?" Mrs. Cullen, who had just lifted a saucepan of steaming potatoes from the

side of the fire, looked out of the open door. She could see her husband walking up and down with a friend, both engrossed in conversation, but never failing to stride so many steps one way, sharp right-about turn, and so many steps the other way.

"Shall I tell father that dinner is ready?" came the persistent child's voice again.

"No," answered Mrs. Cullen, shortly. Then she filled a dish and the children's plates on the table and put by the saucepan. Her four little boys attacked their potatoes and thick slices of bread and dripping with hearty appetites, but her daughter Jessie ate slowly, looking anxiously at the cooling potatoes and the open door.

Perhaps the child's glances sent a brain-wave to her father, for he said, suddenly, "It's time I turned in."

"I must be off, too," said the other man, strolling away.

"Dinner ready; that's right," said Mr. Cullen, as he sat down to the table. But his face fell when he looked at the fare.

"Is the meat in the oven?" he asked his wife.

"It is if you put it there," she answered, sarcastically.

The hungry man opened the door of the empty oven, then banged it to, saying, "Well! I suppose there is cheese and beer in the house."

"If you have just brought it in there is, not otherwise."

"Look here!" he exclaimed, angrily. "What is the meaning of this little game, I should like to know?"

"And you shall know," said his wife. "If you want meat you must earn it. Here have you been at home for weeks, too lazy to go to sea, and now I am short of money."

"Then you have been a wasteful, extravagant woman. My share of the last haul of fish was several pounds, enough to keep us all in comfort for months, and you ought to have made it last."

"And so I should if I had had it all; but you forget what you spend yourself, with your smoke and beer, and your treating here and treating there. Flinging away money, I call it. Some of the boats are going out to-night, and it is time you made up your mind to go too."

"Those who go out to-night are fools. Dirty weather is coming."

"So the idler ever predicts."

The fisherman was the first to be tired of bandying reproaches. He looked thoughtfully round the room. He did not believe his wife's assertions that she had no money, and suddenly he strode towards the dresser.

Mrs. Cullen jumped up and made a dart for the soup-tureen that stood as an ornament in the middle of it. But the man was too quick for her. Taking off the lid, he fumbled among various odds-and-ends, and pulled out a purse. Looking within, he found half-a-sovereign. She tried vainly to snatch it away from him. "I put it there for the rent!" she cried to deaf ears, for he was hurrying away to the Fisherman's Ease.

Later on he came back, and held out his right hand to his wife. On his broad palm were arranged three half-crowns and two coppers. "Here is your change," he said, with a grin. "Next time, perhaps, you will see it is cheaper to get me a bit of meat and a pint of beer at home."

Without a word she took the coins, then flung them, with all her force, at his face. He swore at her, and lifted his fist to strike; then thought better of it, and walked out of the house.

With shaking fingers Mrs. Cullen picked up the money. She put five shillings of it under a vase of dusty sea-holly, and

took the rest with her when she went shopping to get something tasty for tea to make up for shortcomings at dinner. But when she returned she found that her husband had been home to fetch everything he needed to wear for a night's fishing and had left again.

Slaps for hitherto ignored bad table manners were so plentiful that evening that the little Cullens made haste to finish their portions of "heavy-cake" and escape into the open air. Heavy-cake was a Cornish delicacy usually associated in their minds with treats, and they strongly disapproved of any scolding being connected with it. The youngest gave voice to his disapproval so loudly that he was promptly put to bed. The others ran out, and instead of going down to the harbour, their usual playing-ground, they clambered along the cliffs until they looked down upon a sandy cove. They saw an artist who was putting the finishing touches to a picture of the bay. Tufts of sea-pinks and scurvy grass, stones and clods were soon hurtling through the air. These missiles all fell short of their imperturbable target. When the children's arms ached, they began to think that their fun was a little flat. They crawled along, slipping and sliding, until they reached the beach, and crept warily to within a few paces of the seemingly unconscious figure. They scooped up handfuls of sand; but before they had time to bespatter canvas and man he turned round and sprang upon them, saying in a loud voice what sounded like "Barbara, celarent, darii, ferio qui priorum," a sonorous phrase that he had found most efficacious in scattering small fry.

With the three boys it did not fail him now; they fled for home and safety. But Jessie stood her ground. With her bare feet firmly planted, and the sand trickling through her clenched fingers, she stared defiantly at him. He looked back at her with artist's eyes. No, there was nothing paintable about her, she was neither pretty enough nor ugly enough.

Then he smiled; there was something pathetic in her very smallness and unflinching attitude.

"To courage," he said, lifting his cap and going back to his easel. Jessie reddened to the roots of her untidy hair; she was sure that in some way the artist was making fun of her. But his curious words and action half-fascinated her, and she remained standing, quietly watching him paint, for a quarter of an hour.

"There! another touch will spoil it," he said, aloud.

"Whoever heard of green clouds?" demanded a scornful voice at his elbow. "There are black, grey, white, pink and yellow clouds, but there ain't clouds with green in them. I've never seen them."

"It is a pity to be blind," murmured the artist, as he began packing up his belongings.

"I am not blind," said Jessie, indignantly; "I always find the blue shells first when we look for them."

"These blue shells?" asked the artist, as he stooped and picked up a mussel clinging to a tangle of seaweed.

"No, anyone can find them, even a blindy," answered Jessie, still resentful.

But when they left the beach, he talking pleasantly to her as she trotted at his side, she relented and explained.

"They are shells that only come ashore after a gale; perhaps I'll be able to find one for you to-morrow, because father said there was going to be dirty weather to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed the artist, incredulously, looking at the sea and sky.

Jessie assumed an air of great wisdom.

"Did you notice the rainbows to-day?" she enquired.

"Yes, it has been a true spring day."

"Well! Father says that when you see a rainbow broken up into bits, a bit shining here and a bit shining there, in

this part of the world you may be—" She paused for a moment to get breath for a word that was always a stumbling-block to her, then added, "mollyly certain that a squall's coming."

The artist was aroused in the middle of the night by rain beating in upon his face from the open window. It rained fitfully, as though each shower was blown away.

For Jessie's father was right in his forecast. The wind shook the house with its gusts. Weird sounds were in the air, as though the old belief that the lonely cries of drowning men are never hushed, but travel for ever on the back of the wind, was true.

The artist thought he had a very bad night, for sleep was denied him for a whole hour. But there were many anxious women who never closed their eyes that night, and the most foreboding of them all was Mrs. Cullen.

The next day all the children in the place made their way to the seashore to gather treasures cast up by the waves. Every now and then a bamboo would come floating within reach. Whole lemons bobbed up and down in the water like miniature buoys. There were lumps of coal and drift-wood to be picked up by the thrifty.

Taking after their parents, the little Cullens could not be numbered among this class. While the boys were striving to secure a bamboo apiece, Jessie darted in and out of the scudding surf, her mind intent upon finding a blue shell. Suddenly she espied what she sought, and picked it up out of the wet sand before it could be dragged back into the sea.

The artist was walking down the cliff-path in company with a friend, when he felt his arm tugged by Jessie, who exclaimed, "Look! I've found one for you."

"Thank you, Jessie, it is beautiful," said the artist, taking her proffered gift. Both men looked at the fragile shell of a sea-snail; it was silver-grey tinged with ethereal blue. The artist's admiration was genuine, but there was more enthusiasm in the other man's eager enquiries as to where the child had found the shell.

"It is just what I wanted for my collection," he said.

"Now I suppose you will pace up and down the seashore until your train leaves this evening, with no result save a blinding headache. You had better commission Jessie to find you one," laughed the artist.

"If I cannot find one for myself, I will," said the man.

Turning to the child he said, "I will give you sixpence apiece for any number up to twenty that you bring me."

A curious expression crossed the child's face, she hung her head and rubbed one foot up and down the other.

"What is the matter, Jessie? Would you not like to earn sixpence?" asked the artist.

Jessie nodded her head, then stood on tiptoe to whisper, "Is you man honest?"

"Are you honest, Hopkins?" said the artist.

"Yes; I believe so, I hope so. Dear me! this is most embarrassing. Here, Jessie, you can have a sixpence at once, as a proof of my willingness to pay up."

Jessie pushed his hand on one side. "Tain't that; I was only wondering if I should show you something, for collectors are not always honest." She spoke with the bitterness of experience, but the men could not get out of her the incident which was in her thoughts.

She looked hard at Mr. Hopkins, then said, "Well, I'll trust you; I'll show you far finer shells than that one." She led the way along the side of the cliffs, which here sloped green and flowering to within a few feet of their base. At last she knelt down by a stunted willow and, pushing aside the branches, pulled away a cluster of stones. "There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly.

The two men looked. Cradled in a green nest were twenty shells, some both larger and more blue than that in the artist's hand. The artist gazed from the shells to the misty blue patch beginning to colour the cliff slopes, and said, "See, the squills and the shells must have been painted with the same brush."

But the others paid no heed to him. Jessie was confiding in Mr. Hopkins that this was her private cupboard where she hid treasures she did not want her brothers to find. "If I take them home, they swop them for things they want from other boys." She could not be persuaded to part with any of them. She patted them lovingly with her hand before covering them up again, saying, "They have all got names. This is Wrinkles and that is Spotty."

"A whole half-sovereign to do what you like with," said Mr. Hopkins, the tempter, "and if you change your mind, bring the shells to the station in time to give them to me when I leave by the six-thirty train."

"I will try to find others for you," said Jessie; but though she, the artist and Mr. Hopkins paced the sands for an hour they found nothing. Then the artist strolled off to the harbour, and Jessie went home to her dinner, hardening her heart

to Mr. Hopkins's suggestion that periwinkles made excellent playthings.

That afternoon there were a larger number of people than usual to watch the fishing-boats come in. One by one like big brown birds they came curving into the harbour.

"That's the Mary-Ann and that's Bessie Brown," said a shrill voice at the artist's side. He looked down without surprise at the ubiquitous Jessie as she added, "And that one coming in now is father's and uncle's boat, the Two Jessies, named after mother and me. No she ain't, she's the Cormorant."

A cloud of seagulls hovered over the boats, greedily waiting for fish to be thrown them by the fishermen; but this time they were disappointed. The men had bad news. The catches were scanty. One of the boats had lost her nets and there were grave fears of the fourth boat having turned turtle.

These rumours had not reached the ears of the little Cullens when they ran home to their tea. But they were met by a mother red-faced with weeping. "Tea!" she exclaimed; "it's likely we'll all starve, now you have no father to keep you." At the sight of her mother's face and her terrible words Jessie turned and fled along the cliffs. She only half understood her mother's meaning, but had a confused idea that they were in dire poverty.

Just as Mr. Hopkins had taken his seat in the train a dirty rag was deposited on his knee and a voice panted out, "They are all tied up in a bit of my pinny. I don't want it back, but please be quick and give me the money."

Instinctively he obeyed the urgent demand, and half-a-sovereign was dropped into Jessie's hand as the train moved out of the station. Then gingerly opening his parcel, Mr. Hopkins found himself the proud possessor of twenty blue shells.

When Jessie reached home she found the room crowded with women come to condole with Mrs. Cullen and try to cheer her up, by showing plainly that to expect to see Mr. Cullen again was to expect a miracle to happen.

"I wonder whose body they'll find first: father's or Uncle Robert's or Uncle Henry's or Cousin Harry's," said the second Cullen boy, gloomily.

But this was too much for Jessie; she flew at him and boxed his ears, declaring passionately, "Father's not drowned; he would not let himself be drowned."

"What a naughty girl to hit your little brother; you must learn to be a comfort to your mother, now," reproved her Aunt Ellen.

But it was her little daughter, not her howling son, that Mrs. Cullen hugged and kissed, with a fresh burst of tears, as Jessie took this opportunity of pressing the half-sovereign into her hands.

"Hullo! what's all this bobbery about?" asked somebody at the door.

There was a startled scream from most of the women. Mrs. Cullen pushed Jessie on one side and the next moment had transferred her hug to her husband. He looked over the head of his sobbing wife and said:

"Good evening, Ellen, good evening, Mary. I should think that if Robert and Henry are as wet and hungry as I am, they will be glad to see you at home."

The women scuttled away like disturbed rabbits to their respective homes.

"I have brought back neither fish nor money—we had bad luck; are you only going to give me potatoes again?" asked Mr. Cullen, with a grin.

"Don't, Jim," she said. Then with dismay she remembered that she had nothing in the house to cook. She felt the half-sovereign in her hand and a smile lit up her face. "You change into dry things. It is I, not you, who will go to the Fisherman's Ease this time."

She gave some hurried directions to her daughter, got into an ulster, jammed one of the boys' caps on her head, and whisked out of the door with a big basket. Jessie bustled about laying the table, plying the bellows and putting water on to boil. When Mrs. Cullen came back she brought the supper with her ready cooked—hot-pot, pasties, rhubarb tart and cream. In her wake followed the artist with his contribution to the supper—a bottle of cider and a bottle of whisky. He had happened to be in the Fisherman's Ease when Mrs. Cullen had entered with urgent demands for cooked food, and had heard her voluble reasons why she must have it. Meanwhile, Mr. Cullen had put on dry clothes and, being weary, had dropped sound asleep. A pleasant smell assailed his nostrils, and a murmur ebbed and flowed to his senses. It sounded like the words: "A feast, a real feast. Hurray!—a feast." Then he awoke.

Mr. Cullen hastened into the kitchen, and when he saw the well-spread table, he insisted on the man being his guest. They sat down a merry party of eight. When they had feasted they told stories and sang. All thoughts of bedtime seemed to have fled from children's and parents' heads.

Once the artist heard a sigh from Jessie, who was seated on his knee.

"Are you sleepy?" he asked.

"No; I was hoping that Mr. Hopkins will remember to call Wrinkles and Spotty by their right names."

The artist ignored his mental vision of shells, each neatly labelled with its Latin name. He pulled the shell out of his pocket. "Look! mine is called Jessie."

Jessie winked away a tear and smiled radiantly. "Then I don't mind having sold them."

EXOTIC SALMONIDS ON THE MARKETS.

FOR some years past various kinds of Columbian or Pacific salmon (Pacific as opposed to Atlantic or true salmon) have been sent frozen to this country, along with steel-head trout from the same part of the world, and the determination of the species has often offered difficulties to the Chief Inspector of the Fishmongers' Company (Mr. J. Roberts), who has appealed to me for help. More recently similar fishes have been imported from the opposite side of the Pacific (Gulf of Amadir), and have also been submitted to me. It may therefore be of interest to those who may be puzzled by the appearance of these salmonids, generally similar to and yet so distinct from our British kinds, to hear something about their scientific names and the best means of distinguishing them. As I have briefly explained in the book on "Fishing" in the COUNTRY LIFE Library of Sports, the genus



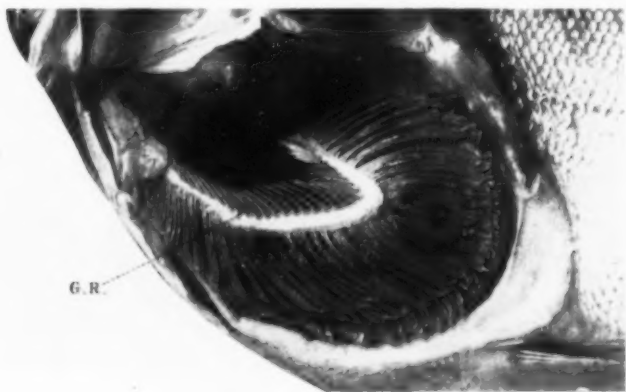
SALMO NERKA.

separated by systematists; but the fact that a Japanese species (*Salmo masou*), closely allied to *S. kisutch*, has usually twelve rays, and has been referred by some authorities to *Salmo* (*S. macrostoma*), and by others to *Oncorhynchus* (*O. yessoensis*), shows that the character of the number of rays is not to be depended upon for distinguishing genera.

However, these Pacific so-called salmon constitute a distinct group, one of the chief peculiarities of which resides in the fact that they breed only once in their life. It has now been well ascertained that after ascending rivers from the sea and depositing their spawn they never recuperate as do our salmon and trout.

A figure is here given of a fish imported frozen from the extreme north of Eastern Siberia. It belongs to the species *S. nerka*, the blue-back or redfish of the Americans, *nerka* being a Kamtschatka name. The safest way of distinguishing it from other species with similar scales is to examine the outer arch of the gills, which bears, opposed to the gill-lamina, a series of horny processes called gill-rakers (G.R.). In *S. nerka*, these gill-rakers are long and numerous, thirty-two to forty in number altogether, or twenty to twenty-three on the lower limb, as shown in the photographs, which represent the gills in this species and in *S. quinnat* after the gill-cover has been lifted up. This species has rather large scales, much as in our salmon, numbering one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-five along the lateral line, and about twenty between the origin of the dorsal fin and the lateral line. There are fourteen or fifteen well-developed rays in the anal fin. The back and tail fin are often spotted with blackish, and both sexes assume a red or reddish colour during the breeding season. This fish grows to 2ft. and does not exceed a weight of 7lb. or 8lb.

The next figure is that of a Gorbusha, or humpback salmon, so-called because the breeding male develops a more or less fleshy hump, giving it a very extraordinary appearance. *S. gorbusha* has the gill-rakers a little shorter and fewer than *S. nerka*, twenty-eight to thirty-six on the outer arch, and it is easily distinguished by its much smaller scales, of which there are one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy in the lateral line, and about thirty between the origin of the dorsal fin and the lateral line. Well-developed anal rays fifteen or sixteen. Large oblong dark spots on the tail fin are characteristic of this species, the flesh of which is not much valued. It weighs up to 6lb. The following kinds have only been received from British Columbia, although they occur also on the Siberian Coast.



GILLS OF *SALMO NERKA*.

Salmo, in the broad sense in which I take it, may be divided into four subordinate groups or subgenera, with the following definitions:

A.—Vomer (the anterior median bone of the palate, between the paired palatines), flat, toothed along the shaft, at least in the young, the teeth on the shaft disappearing in adult salmon and sea-trout.

Anal fin with twelve to seventeen well-developed rays—*Oncorhynchus*, Pacific salmon.

Anal fin with eight to twelve well-developed rays—*Salmo*, true salmon and trout.

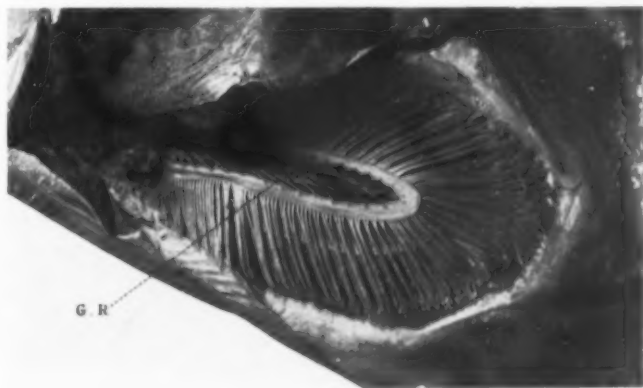
B.—Vomer boat-shaped, the shaft strongly depressed behind the head of the bone, which alone is toothed. Anal fin with eight to ten well-developed rays.

Vomerine teeth forming an isolated fascicle—*Salvelinus*, charr.

Vomerine teeth forming a single, arched transverse series, continuous with the palatine teeth—*Hucho*, huchens.

The Pacific salmonids which have hitherto been sold in London belong to the first three divisions, viz., *Oncorhynchus*, five species; *Salmo* (the steel-head, *S. Gairdneri*, a large migratory form of the rainbow-trout group); and *Salvelinus* (the Malma charr). The steel-head is very similar to our sea-trout, but it has a greater number of rays in the anal fin, ten to twelve well developed (nine to eleven branched) instead of eight to ten, and the caudal fin is much spotted with black. The base of the anal fin is a little shorter than that of the dorsal. The maximum weight of this fish is about 20lb.

The species of *Oncorhynchus* with which we have to deal here are distinguished from the steel-head by having a longer anal fin (its base at least equal to that of the dorsal), with thirteen to seventeen (rarely twelve) well-developed rays. This is the principal character on which these fish have been generically



GILLS OF *SALMO QUINNAT*.

The king salmon or quinnat (*S. quinnat*) is the largest of the salmonids and also the most valuable of the *Oncorhynchus* group, growing to a length of 5ft. and a weight of 100lb. or more. The gill-rakers are shorter than in the two preceding species and number only twenty to twenty-six on the outer arch. The scales in the lateral line number from one hundred and forty to one

hundred and fifty-five, and there are about twenty-five series of scales between the origin of the dorsal fin and the lateral line; well-developed anal rays fifteen to eighteen. The tail fin usually bears small black spots, and so does the back: males at the breeding-time often blackish, more or less tinged or blotched with dull red. For further notes on this fish, c.f. "Fishing," Vol. I., page 255. Being easily disposed of in America, this fish is very seldom sent to our market. The last two species, which are those commonly imported from America, agree with the quinnat in the size and number of the gill-rakers and in having about twenty-five scales between the origin of the dorsal fin and the lateral line; but they are distinguished by having fewer rays in the anal fin, viz., only thirteen or fourteen (rarely twelve) well developed. They are also smaller fish, not exceeding a weight of 12lb.

S. keta, the dog-salmon, with one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and forty-five scales in the lateral line, has no spots on the body or fins, merely specks on the body in some individuals. The flesh is not much valued. *S. kisutch*, the silver salmon, has larger scales, one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-five in the lateral line, and the spots are also absent or very indistinct or reduced to small dots. The fish is not always silvery; breeding males are red. Its flesh is superior to that of *S. keta*.

The species of the *Oncorhynchus* section are difficult to distinguish, especially the last three, and it is necessary to count the gill-rakers, scales and anal rays to make sure of the distinction. Even then, doubts will still arise as to the correct naming of certain individuals of *S. keta* and *S. kisutch* owing to the overlap in the characteristic numbers of scales. Still, I am sure the following tabulation will prove of service:

<i>S. nerka</i> ...	32-40 ...	14-15 ...	125-135 ...	20
<i>S. gorbusha</i> ...	28-36 ...	15-16 ...	150-170 ...	30
<i>S. quinnat</i> ...	20-28 ...	15-18 ...	140-155 ...	25
<i>S. keta</i> ...	20-25 ...	13-14 ...	135-145 ...	25
<i>S. kisutch</i> ...	20-25 ...	12-14 ...	125-135 ...	25

The first column gives the number of gill-rakers on the anterior arch, the second the number of well-developed rays in the anal fin, the third the number of scales in the lateral line, and the fourth the approximate number of longitudinal series of scales between the latter and the origin of the dorsal fin.

The Malma charr (*Salmo malma*), the specific name of which is one of its vernacular names in Kamtschatka, according to Steller, who made the first mention of it in the eighteenth century, was described a little later by Pallas as *Salmo callaris*—a rather vague description, which was, however, supplemented by Günther, who had access to the type specimens preserved in the Berlin Museum. Pallas gives the following account of the habits of this fish: "These fish enter the rivers from the eastern ocean in great numbers. From the Bay of Okotsk they ascend into the rivers Okota and Kuchtni, the great river (Boloschaia reka) in Kamtschatka and others, even into the rivers of the islands scattered towards the American shores, in order to hibernate, being still without spots. They are said to remain torpid during the winter, in the depths of the rivers, in shoals of thousands, until at the return of the spring they seek the sea again, from about the 10th to the 20th of May. They surmount cataracts of whatever height by leaping, and in the same manner escape from nets one fathom deep. They force their way into the Kurile lake near the river Kamtschatka,



SALMO MALMA.

notwithstanding a very high cataract, and hibernate in it in large numbers. They swim also with great velocity, and, excepting at night, manage to escape the nets. They feed especially on the eggs of various species of Trout, and greatly diminish their numbers. Many remain for a long time in the rivers and lakes; but the greater number return in spring to the sea. When they come up from the sea they are without the red tint and the spots, and shine with a silvery lustre; during the ascent they become

gradually spotted with red, while they acquire a more or less red tint on the belly and on the fins, according to the comparative rapidity of the river-currents."

At the time Dr. Günther wrote (1866) he had some doubts as to whether these notes were applicable to the specimen named *Salmo callaris* by Pallas, because he found the fish to be a charr, "none of which," he said, "migrate to the sea, as far as our present experience goes." It is now well known that only



SALMO GORBUSHA.

the charr of temperate climates are confined to fresh waters, mostly mountain lakes, where they have become segregated into a number of more or less definable species or races. Further North, in both the Old World and the New, charr live in the sea and ascend rivers to spawn, as do our salmon and sea-trout. *Salmo malma* is also found in Japan, where, from its style of markings, it has received the name of *Salmo pluvialis*. On the Pacific Coast of North America it extends from the Sacramento River in California to Alaska, becoming more plentiful northwards and descending to the sea, and reaching a weight of about 12lb. In small mountain brooks dwarf forms occur which are regarded by some authorities as distinct species. The specimen here figured, brought over in ice from Eastern Siberia, measures 20in. and weighs 3lb. 3oz. It was of a dark steel blue on the back, with small round whitish spots, like drops of rain (*S. pluvialis*), silvery on the sides, with larger round pink spots; its belly was of a pale flesh colour. The lateral spots, according to American and Japanese authors, may be red. These red or pale spots, to the exclusion of the black ones, constitute one of the characters which distinguish our European charr from the trout; but in sea-run specimens, the spots become faint or obsolete, and the fish is uniformly silvery. The scales of all charr are very minute. In this species there are about one hundred and seventy in the lateral line.

G. A. BOULENGER.

STARLINGS.

THERE would seem to be a sort of law in Nature which makes it incumbent upon certain races or tribes that they must extend their range and increase in numbers at the expense of more specialised or less favoured races. They are so "constituted," or become so by "development"; but wherein the process consists, or how it starts into being, must apparently always remain a difficult problem. History supplies plenty of illustrations of the rule among the higher inhabitants of the globe, and among lowlier creatures it may be studied in operation in almost any direction. In the vegetable kingdom there are many persistent species—usually designated "weeds," though Wordsworth has truly remarked that "weeds are only flowers out of place"—which are always elbowing out and overgrowing their neighbours, and some of which have spread, from almost no one knows whither, to nearly every part of the inhabited world. Among birds it would not be easy to find, within the limits of everyday experience, a better type of a pushful, colonising race than the familiar starling.

Scarcely more than a century ago, according to most of the older writers on natural history, the starling was a comparatively scarce bird over the greater part of the British Islands, while, within living memory, its rate of increase has been such as to attract the attention of even the least observant of country people. It is not easy, for example, to realise the longing which Bewick, the celebrated engraver, had for starlings to come and build about his house in Newcastle—a longing which seems never to have been gratified—when, had he been alive to-day, his desire would more probably have been to be relieved of the presence of the ubiquitous birds, which, whether we like it or not, persist in taking possession of every nesting-box hung out in the hope of attracting more desirable visitors and in filling up our rain-water spouts and every other possible crevice in our dwellings with their untidy nests. It is to its marvellous adaptability to environment, as well as to its almost omnivorous diet, that the great increase of the starling

is probably due; yet we may be pardoned if we are puzzled at the apparently sudden acquisition of such qualities, or, at any rate, by their very rapid development, for there is no very obvious change in the conditions of the country to account for either, or if there were, it is difficult to see why they are not equally applicable to other birds which were here before the starlings came, and which have not increased in similar manner.

Another puzzle, too, which can hardly fail to arrest the attention of anyone watching the wheeling thousands of starlings gathering round some favourite winter roosting-place, is not so much whence all the host has come (though that in itself were surely sufficiently wonderful) as where so many mouths can manage to find the necessary food. To arrive at even a vague estimate of the numbers of the crowd is a task almost as hopeless as trying to count the stars in the heavens; while to enter into a calculation on the commissariat quickly lands the enquirer among figures so formidable as to be repellent to almost anyone but a Senior Wrangler or an Astronomer-Royal! There are, for example, several roosting-places in the country which may safely be estimated to harbour more than one hundred thousand birds; but to take only that figure, and allowing one ounce of food per day to each bird, we find that it would require nearly twenty tons a week to feed the army, or at the rate of more than a thousand tons a year! Of what the food actually consumed by such a flock consists is another question; but when it is taken into consideration that it has to be provided in some form or other, within a limited area, and on something like this scale, it becomes at once apparent that it is one that must have a considerable bearing upon the welfare of a district.

There is another aspect from which such a flock may be regarded, and that is one which an agriculturist might perhaps term "its manurial value." When a crowd of starlings first alights where it intends to pass the night, the droppings descend from the trees almost like a shower of rain. An inch of rain, it is well known, represents a fall at the rate of a hundred tons an acre, and the ground beneath the trees in which a flock of starlings has roosted for a month or two is sometimes covered to at least that depth with their filth. Such a dressing naturally kills most of the herbage upon which it falls, and that it should likewise frequently prove injurious to shrubs and trees is no more than might be expected from the most cursory of considerations. Its effect upon worms and other lowly animal-life must also be considerable. What its ultimate result on the wood may be has scarcely received the attention which it deserves; but one consequence frequently noticed a year or two after the visitation is a thick crop of young elder bushes springing up from the seeds which the starlings have discarded. Ivy is believed to have been introduced into some plantations in a similar manner, and the gross feeding is stimulating to a rank growth of nettles.

Under stress of circumstances starlings will eat almost anything, but it is undeniable that worms, insects and their grubs and other creeping things form a large proportion of their food at all seasons. In their search after these the birds are indefatigable, and so long as the young remain in the nest they appear to be supplied with almost no other kind of food. The writer once watched a nest for over an hour, and during that time one or other of the old birds brought food to the young, on an average, once every three minutes. So far as could be ascertained by the closest observation, the whole of that food consisted of either worms or "leather-jackets" (the larvæ of the crane-flies), the latter outnumbering the former by certainly two to one, and probably even more. Supposing this rate to be kept up for, say, ten hours a day, and that the young remain in the nest for a fortnight, and allowing only a single worm or grub to be brought at each visit, then we have two thousand eight hundred consumed by the inmates of that nest, without taking into account what may be devoured by the parent birds. One hundred thousand pairs of starlings would thus destroy more than two hundred and eighty million worms or grubs during the time they had young in the nest. If only one-half of this number is taken as representing leather-jackets, the effect of starlings upon

this—one of the most destructive classes of insects in the country—is sufficiently apparent.

Of course, all the starlings that pass the winter in this country do not remain to breed here; but, on the other hand, they are almost as assiduous in their quest for grubs all the year round, and it is only to fourteen days out of the year that the foregoing figures apply. They are, moreover, by no means the only grub-eating birds, nor are birds the only agents for the destruction of grubs whose efficiency has increased of late years, and yet the agriculturist appears to complain of damage done to his crops as much now as he did before the increase of starlings took place!

LICHEN GREY.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE places in which each year I have first heard the nightingale all lie within a restricted area, for nightingales have a well-known habit of returning to the same haunts year after year. As in my mind I make my way to these favoured spots, I am taken first along a grassy, deeply-rutted bye-road, a tangled wayside path as yet unspoiled by modern agriculture, and leaving this I ascend rising ground until the level is reached once more. Here is the home of many nightingales; and though of small size, in the season it is the scene of much rivalry in the production of rich, full



AT HOME.



THE INDUSTRIOUS PARENT.

throated music. One or two nightingales usually share the branches with other nesting folk.

To the immediate neighbourhood of this little Bedfordshire town the nightingale usually returns year by year in considerable numbers. Yet all through my boyhood's rambles—no, not deprecations—up to about five years ago I never once found a nest. It seems incredible, considering the years I had spent surrounded by nesting nightingales. My long-delayed success came during my earliest days with the camera and at a time when my apparatus coincided with my brief experience. Nevertheless, I determined to attempt a photograph, and, fired by enormous mental pictures of possible success, I set about to prepare for the task of photographing the nightingale. After elaborately adorning the camera and erecting it near the bramble bush containing the nest of young nightingales, I carefully focussed a spray no less thorny than my undertaking, then retired to conceal myself under a bush near by, with one end of a length of cotton fastened to my camera shutter and the other wound round my finger. It is really only necessary for me to add that the meagre amount of experience gained did not console me in my utter failure and disappointment. After an interval of a few years I was afforded another chance, by finding a nest in what I regarded as a very good position. But the young were to all appearances quite ready to leave their home, and possibly they would resent my close approach for the purpose of removing a few obstructing nettles by leaving the nest in an unceremonious fashion. That, of course, I had to avoid. It was too late in the day to attempt anything with the camera, and as time was precious it was unfortunate that the next day was Sunday. However, it proved to be what is often termed "a real soaker." I had just suffered disappointment at the hands of some natural enemy to small bird-life after having a nest under observation for nearly a fortnight, and as it was getting late in the nesting season I was anxious not to miss this opportunity, should it continue to be available. Monday dawned favourably. The young were still in the nest, and there was a strong light nicely diffused by fleecy white clouds. Cautiously, ah! very cautiously, I bent back with a long stick the few obstructing nettles, not daring to risk going up so close to the nest myself. Then all was ready. It was not long before I felt safe in assuming that I had made at least a couple of satisfactory exposures on the parent birds at the nest. So afterwards I turned my attention to a dead broom bough which was constantly used by the nightingales in their journeys to the nest, for on the way down they frequently halted for a mere fraction of a second in almost the same spot. Having sharply focussed the camera on this, I awaited their next arrival. By making smart exposures with the bulb, I obtained the photographs shown, illustrating both the cock and hen nightingales.



A SUCCESSFUL FORAY.

The few hours thus spent in close company with the nightingale are among my most pleasant recollections: it was the first time I had watched them at home.

JAMES H. SYMONDS.

IN THE GARDEN

THE PRUNING OF SHRUBS.

ONE of the most vexed questions, apparently, to the lover of shrubs, judging from the many letters received during the year, is how to prune them, and nothing is more neglected than this simple help to the Lilac, Laburnum, or whatever the kind may be that it is intended to deal with. It may seem at first sight an inopportune moment to bring forward such a subject as this, when the trees and shrubs are bursting into leaf and bloom; but it is when this cloud of colour has passed away that pruning should be accomplished. I am reminded of this by an excellent paper contributed to the recently-published Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society by Mr. E. Beckett, who has care of one of the most interesting collections of trees and

shrubs in English gardens, that of the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, Aidenham House, Elstree. The paper concerns beautiful shrubs in general, but the notes on pruning are invaluable. It is mentioned, and with much truth, that although pruning is a most important part of the cultivation of flowering shrubs, and affects them just as much as good or bad pruning affects a fruit tree, it is imperfectly understood, and much more harm than good is often done by the indiscriminate use of the pruning-knife. It is a question whether it is not better to leave flowering shrubs entirely unpruned than to cut them over in a haphazard manner, for by so doing the flower display is frequently lost and the appearance of a shrub which in its natural state is elegant and beautiful is quite destroyed. The objects of pruning should be to keep a shrub shapely and, by thinning out unnecessary or old wood, to produce a freer growth and a larger amount of flower. One cannot, any more than in the case of other plants, lay down certain definite laws. The individual shrub requires almost as much consideration as, one might say, a human being. Some kinds, as is pointed out, require no pruning at all, while others are improved and stimulated by the process. Each individual shrub must be treated according to its requirements, and these can only be learned by practical experience and observation of the plants that have to be dealt with. Newly-planted shrubs are often greatly benefited by being severely pruned immediately after planting; and this is especially the case with those whose stems die back after transplanting and refuse to break freely.

Then comes some most useful information. Shrubs which flower during the spring and early summer months are, of course, very numerous, the majority coming into bloom during April

and June. All the pruning required should be done as soon as the blossoms have fallen, as then the growths subsequently made will have an opportunity to become ripened. The cutting out of stems which have flowered is often preferable to merely shortening them back, and this is especially the case with the Deutzias, Weigelas, Philadelphus and the like. Others, of which the Syringas are notable examples, are better if shortened back when the summer growth is completed. Shrubs of a naturally straggling growth often need pruning back every year to keep them shapely and in place. Many shrubs respond well to this treatment, especially when they become old and apparently worn out, and the Weigelas and Ribes are good examples of this. On the other hand, it must be remembered that some can only be pruned in a young state, the Cytisus, for instance, for these refuse to send forth new growth if the very old wood is cut into. Tender shrubs should never be pruned in late autumn; rather wait until growth begins in the spring.

These hints, as I have mentioned, on a subject that is certainly mystifying to many, will, I hope, prove of much usefulness. Flowering shrubs frequently lose their beauty through neglect of pruning. Lilacs are surrounded with suckers that rob the parent of its vitality, and therefore of its flower-producing capacity, and the same with other shrubs. Almonds are not unusually a thicket of dead wood, and the same may be

of the family, becoming a real tree itself. There are two forms of the double yellow Banksian Rose. For richness of colouring the writer mentions that *Jaune* is decidedly the best, and indeed, for its period of flowering, the most effective of all. The common double white Banksian Rose is the most abundant and ubiquitous of all, and is as much the ornament of trees, walls, pergolas and pillars in the months of April and early May as the common Ivy is in more Northern climates. It is everywhere, and nowhere out of place, though it loses its leaves in the month of January. C.

THE SIKKIM COWSLIP.

The Primrose family is a very large one, and in it are many plants of great beauty suitable for growing under all sorts of conditions. The Sikkim Cowslip (*Primula sikkimensis*) is one of the most beautiful of the family, but, unfortunately, it is not easily grown. It is essentially a lover of moisture, and delights in peaty soil that can be maintained in a moist condition during early summer. Though this Cowslip is strictly a perennial, it usually succeeds best as a biennial under cultivation, the plants being discarded after they have flowered. Plants can be obtained in pots in the early spring months, and if these are carefully planted at this season, they will flower at the end of May or early in June. The whole plant is covered with a whitish powder, which gives it a distinctive appearance. When in bloom this is one of the most beautiful of the hardy Primulas, the golden yellow, rather bell-shaped flowers hanging suspended from the tops of tall, swaying stems. On account of the height of the flower-stems, a situation sheltered from strong winds should be selected for this native of the Himalayas, a moist bay in the rock garden suiting it to



W. Shawcross.

A CLOUD OF BANKSIAN ROSES.

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written of the Rose. A climbing or rambling Rose, whichever one is pleased to call it, never reveals its true beauty unless it is unsparingly pruned, cutting out a little forest of shoots until one would think there was nothing left to bear the flower burden of the future. But time will show. Decaying, worn-out or crowded shoots are useless. Cut them out, and the reward will be a greater display of flowers in the following year. E. T. Cook.

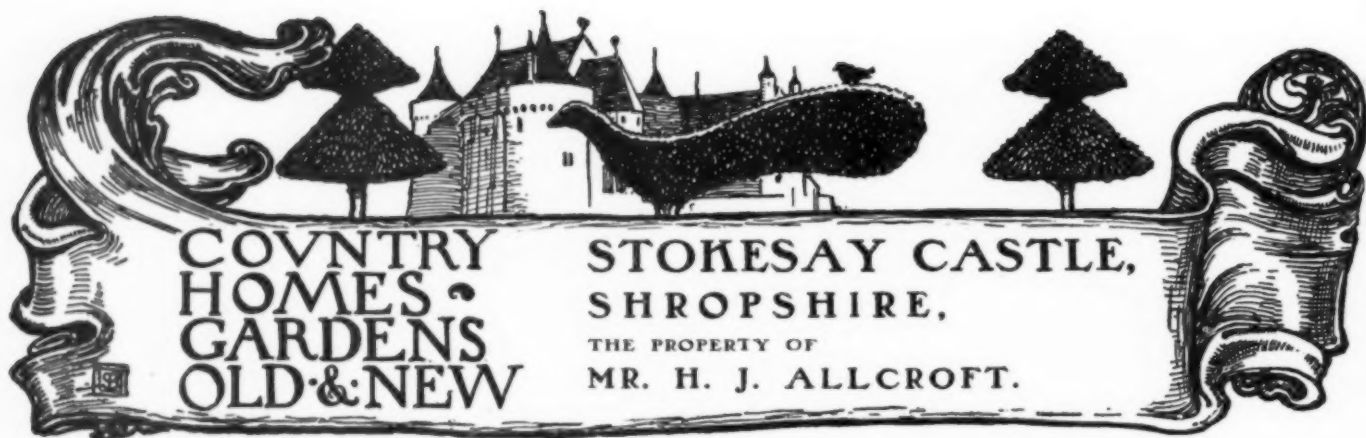
THE BANKSIAN ROSE.

THE illustration represents one of the finest masses we have seen of the yellow Banksian Rose. The plant is growing against the house of Mr. J. M. Courage, Derry's Wood, Womersley, near Guildford, who, in a letter, mentions that it has "been planted five years. This year it promises to be even finer and has made good growth." The Banksian Rose is seldom seen in English gardens, and one reason for its apparent neglect is its somewhat tender growth. It is a success in Southern gardens, those in the Riviera and places as much favoured. In "Roses for English Gardens" there is a chapter on the Roses of the Riviera, and there it is mentioned that the Banksian Roses must have the first place for beauty and abundance, though only *R. Banksiae Fortunei* is fairly perpetual, and decks its glossy evergreen foliage with isolated flowers through the whole winter. The single yellow Banksian Rose, introduced not more than twenty years ago from Italy, and first admired in the late Sir Thomas Hanbury's well-known garden at La Mortola, deserves a special notice, because it is fully three weeks earlier than the double forms in spring and gives a delightful summer effect in the month of March in sunny situations. It is even more rampant and floriferous than any other members

perfection. Not the least pleasing feature about the flowers is their delicious fragrance, which, though penetrating, is not overpowering.

THE MARSH MARIGOLDS.

It has frequently been said, and not without some reason, that we in this country are apt to make much of plants that come to us from other lands, and which frequently need much coaxing to get them to thrive here. At the same time, many that are natives, or at least have become naturalised, are ignored, although possessing much beauty. Happily, the golden-flowered Marsh Marigold is not one of these neglected natives, for one meets with it frequently casting its sheen of gold over the margin of some placid pool that forms the chief attraction of a wild garden. It is essentially a plant for the water-side, as, although it can be induced to grow and flower in the moist parts of the border, it seldom lives long in such a position and its flowers cannot be compared with those produced more naturally. Early in May this plant flowers abundantly, these surmounting the bright green forked stems and rather curious-shaped foliage in loose masses. Where it is to be planted near the water or in the bog garden, sufficient plants should be used to create a bold display at once, as it does not spread very quickly. In addition to the common wild variety there are several others in the lists of nurserymen. Undoubtedly the best of these is *C. polypetala*, a strong-growing plant with enormous leaves and noble, almost semi-double yellow flowers. A double-flowered variety of the common Marsh Marigold finds favour with some, and another rather uncommon variety is pale orange. For general purposes, however, *C. palustris* and *C. polypetala* are the two best plants, the former to give masses of flowers and the latter bold effects. H.



THERE is often an unavoidable lack of reality in the accounts of the early possessors of the seats illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE*, because of the homes they inhabited no trace remains. Houghton Hall speaks eloquently of Prime Minister Walpole who built it, but not of his mediæval ancestors who had for many generations dwelt on the same spot. Even Hengrave Hall, with its strong remaining Gothic spirit, only reminds us of the rich merchant who built it in Henry VIII.'s time, and calls up no vision of the succession of knights who lived there and took their name from it when the Plantagenets reigned.

It is different with Stokesay. Once we step away from the mushroom town of red brick and blue slate which has risen around the railway junction of Craven Arms, we come upon a very untouched bit of rural England, where the old fortified manor house sits amid placid meadows that are themselves encircled by an amphitheatre of steep wooded hills. Church and dwelling are of the past and truly look of the past, for both have escaped that form of restoration which transforms authentic old buildings into imitative new ones; yet both have been carefully repaired and preserved from ruin and decay. But though all is of long ago, the Castle, as it has come to be called, shows work of very different moments of the past, so that we can trace here not only the evolution of Gothic, but the transition from the mediæval to the Renaissance styles. Moreover, each portion of work is linked with a different ownership, and this is why the family history and the architectural characteristics of the place

are closely interwoven and inseparably connected. Here we can really begin with that Picot de Sai whose Norman place-name was to be transferred to one of our English Stokes a generation or two after he had helped at Senlac to make his Duke a King of England. Of this South Shropshire Stoke, the only recorded inhabitants when that King ordered his new realm to be surveyed were a miller and a keeper of bees. The manor was part of the great possession which fell to the share of the Lacys after the Conquest, and of which the local centre was Ludlow, that lies six miles south of Stoke and where the shell of a round Norman chapel still stands in the castle ward to tell of the early importance of both town and fortress as outposts of commerce and defence on the marches of Wales. It was under the lordship of the Lacys that Picot's descendants held Stoke at least as early as Henry I.'s reign, and five of them are mentioned in connection with the manor which received their name and was in all likelihood the place of their residence. The illustration taken from the churchyard shows, at the north end of the Castle, an upper storey of timber framing corbelled out from and overhanging the massive masonry of the stone sub-structure. The timbered portion is of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, but the sub-structure shows evidence of being even earlier than the thirteenth century hall which abuts on its south side. It forms no part of the design which included the hall. The string-course which surrounds the other sections of the building stops short of it. Its masonry is of a ruder kind, it is connected with the hall on the west side by some walling of later date and





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FROM THE CHURCHYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the level of its floors does not correspond with that of the hall. It is, therefore, fair to conjecture that we have here a portion of the original dwelling of the de Sais, to which a more roomy and better-lit top storey was added in more peaceful times. In 1240 the male line of de Lacys ended and a co-heiress carried Stokesay and other manors to her husband, John de Verdon. Hugh de Say was then feoffee of Stokesay, but he soon after parted with his English property and went to Ireland. John de Verdon thereupon probably came into occupation and built the hall, although the evidence of this is not more than circumstantial, as we shall see. He died in 1274, and his son soon after conveyed the "Vill of Stokesay" to Lawrence de Ludlow, who was certainly in possession in 1281. Ludlow was then quite an important business centre, and its merchants were prosperous men ready to invest their savings in real estate. As we find it recorded that this Lawrence got into trouble with the burgesses of his native town for selling cloth contrary to the assize, we

may certainly set him down as a man who had made his way by commerce but wished to pose as a landed man with a semi-military position on the Welsh Border. When his ownership of Stokesay was thoroughly established, he applied for and received from Edward I. licence to fortify the house. We must, therefore, suppose that up to the year 1291, when this leave to crenellate was given, Stokesay, although it must have assuredly had the moat twenty-two feet wide, of which the banks and hollow yet remain, was not a place of any strength, and, therefore, the massive embattled south tower must be subsequent to that date, and, indeed, be the immediate result of Lawrence's newly-acquired right to fortify. The question is, did he also build the hall, or did he find it and the solar south of it already there when he acquired the property? That the house was of some importance before 1291 is evident from the fact that in the previous year it had been one of the resting-places of Bishop Swinfield, then on progress through his diocese with a great



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THE EAST SIDE OF THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GRASS-GROWN MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

retinue. His chaplain's accounts show that he lay at "Stoke de Say" on April 27th, and that he there consumed three shillings' worth of bread, two calves, two pigs, three kids and fifteen head of poultry, part of which were purchased and part presented. Moreover, the architectural evidence is on the whole in favour of the hall having been built before Edward I. came to the throne. Two years after that event, that is, in 1274, he appointed Robert Burnell his Chancellor. Burnell was a great builder, and when some years later he became Bishop of Wells he built the magnificent hall which lies there in ruins. But he was a Shropshire man, and on his estate some miles north of Stokesay he erected a fortified manor house on a

greater scale than that of his humbler neighbour. His licence to crenellate is dated seven years earlier than that of Lawrence de Ludlow, yet the style of Acton Burnell is certainly later than that of Stokesay. The illustrations show that the Stokesay hall windows have their arched heads of solid plate tracery pierced with a plain circle. The transomed lights below are trefoiled in an early manner. But in the well-preserved ruins of Acton Burnell we find similar two-light transomed hall windows with tracery not merely more elaborate but of a distinctly later date. Had the Stokesay hall been built after that at Acton Burnell, even a local designer would have wished to follow the new fashions set up by the cosmopolitan Chancellor in the near neighbourhood.

Therefore, the more primitive character of the Stokesay work leads to the strong presumption that John de Verdon largely rebuilt the earlier home of the de Sais, and that Lawrence de Ludlow afterwards added the south tower and, no doubt, strengthened the curtain wall of the court and the drawbridge which admitted to it from the east. That curtain wall is gone, and the ancient entrance was replaced in the sixteenth century by the present timber gatehouse. But though the remains of the de Say building are somewhat fragmentary, the de Verdon hall and the de Ludlow tower are among the best-preserved examples of our thirteenth century domestic work. The hall faces the visitor as he passes through the gatehouse. Its noble stretch of stone-slated roof is broken by four gables, three of which have below them windows of the type already described, while a great arched doorway, hidden in the illustration by the bushes, occupies the lower part of the fourth or northern one. Above the doorway is now a stretch of plain walling, because a window corresponding with the others, but stopping short at the transom, has been blocked up. Entering the doorway, we find ourselves in a great room more than fifty feet long and thirty feet wide, rising up thirty-four feet to its roof-tree. In the centre of the floor is an octagonal pavement whereon blazed the great log fire, contained, no doubt,



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"Country Life."

THE "DOUBLE OCTAGON" SOUTH TOWER.

by a reredos or brazier, but sending its smoke aloft to the roof beams, which it has blackened. Chimneys were still scarce in halls after they were customary in chambers, and there are fifteenth century examples with the same primitive arrangement as at thirteenth century Stokesay. A louvre, however, was generally provided in the roof for the escape of the smoke; but no trace of such a feature remains at Stokesay. The windows to the west, overhanging the moat, correspond with those on the east, except that the one at the south end has lost its tracery, while the short one to the north is perfect and not blocked up. The recesses of all the transomed windows descend nearly to the ground, and are fitted with seats in the thickness of the wall. Between the windows, and not more than seven feet from the floor, stone corbels of early English type are let into the wall. From them rise masonry pillars on which rest the great principals of the roof. Into these are let curved braces, and as the collar beam is also slightly curved in the space between the braces, a semi-circular appearance is given to the lower section of the roof. There is also a set of upper collar beams, but no tie beams or king posts, for the walls are rather low for the width of the hall, and any transverse beams lower than the collar would have deprived the general appearance of all dignity. That the



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CARVED DETAILS ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE GATEHOUSE.

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THE NORTH TOWER FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

construction was nevertheless on a thoroughly sound system is evident, since it has lasted till to-day with very little give. The strength of the walls proved sufficient to withstand the thrust of the great mass of oak, for only at one end of the east side was it afterwards found necessary to add buttresses. A staircase of solid oak baulks cut through diagonally rises from the north-west corner of the hall, its flights and landings being arranged to serve the odd levels of the rooms of the old north building. The top landing, strutted out from the wall on beams, is seen in the illustration of the north-east corner of the hall with the open door. This landing admits to the upper room, which, although its outer timber-framed and many-windowed walls are of later date, yet has in the old inner wall which partitions it from the hall an early English fireplace with side pillars and brackets supporting the wooden framework of a hood. The hood must have been of timber or of plaster, and has disappeared. By the side of the fireplace an arched recess or aumbry appears in the picture. The rooms underneath, one of which descends below the hall level and has a well in a little northern projection, will have been offices. They were, however, if not originally, at least later on, found insufficient, and were connected with a range of buildings, containing kitchen and buttery, erected against their east wall. This annexe was timber framed, of an early type, and was still standing less than a century ago. At that time other timber buildings, more or less in ruins, likewise existed in various parts of the courtyard.

The solar or withdrawing-room was at the south end of the hall, and was, as usual, raised up on an under-croft. There was no communication between it and the hall, but it was approached by an exterior flight of stone steps, which was, however, originally covered by a pent roof. There are two indications of this, the one a ledge projecting from the wall, on which its timbers rested, the other the inclination of the window-sill to correspond to the angle of the roof. The windows have the same tracery as those of the hall, showing that it was part and parcel of the same plan. Between this building and the south tower was a gap filled in with a narrow room running along the line of the curtain wall. But the way in is not through this room, but along a set of planks, no doubt representing a former drawbridge, starting from the landing at the top of the solar steps. The tower itself is very peculiarly shaped. It has been described as "formed, as it were, by two octagonal towers placed side by side." This form, which gave somewhat the appearance of a double bay on the south side rising out of the moat, enabled a more general view to be obtained through the narrow lancet windows as to what was going on outside. The re-entering angle, however, would have been a source of weakness had the castle been exposed to a mediæval siege and to the discharge of missiles from mangonels, catapults and other such engines of offence. Stokesay was never intended as a regular fortress, but as a house that could withstand the attacks of the half-armed bands which were apt to maraud along the strip of country which divided England from Wales. We must remember that, though Edward I. conquered Wales and made his son its Prince seven years before Lawrence de Ludlow obtained his licence to crenellate, yet incursions and disturbances were frequent, and a form of martial law continued until the time of the Tudors. Stokesay, however, played no recorded part in the defence of this border land from the time when John de Verdon was ordered to reside

on his estate to check incursions of the Welsh down to the moment when Charles I. and his Parliament were at war with each other. Ten generations of de Ludlows held Stokesay peacefully, and then an heiress brought it to a cadet of the Vernons of Haddon Hall in Derbyshire, who was in occupation when Leland visited the district, intent upon topographical business, during Henry VIII.'s reign. After Thomas Vernon's son's death in 1570 the estate was conveyed to the Mainwarings, from whom it was purchased half a century later by the rich London alderman's son who became Earl of Craven, and earned fame as the champion of Elizabeth of Bohemia. Much was said of him and of his chequered career when Combe Abbey was illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* a few months ago. To him, no doubt, the Stokesay estate was a small investment for part of the great commercial fortune which



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THE WEST GABLE OF THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

his father had left him, and the place was let, on a lease of such length that it has only recently expired, to the Baldwyns of Elswick, which is a neighbouring manor. The question arises by which of these successive families the later work at Stokesay was done? The gatehouse, which is profusely illustrated, is one of the most delicious of the many interesting timber-framed buildings which still survive in the Ludlow neighbourhood, but it is a little difficult to name its date with any exactness. The general form of the oak framing and the character of the carved details retain much of the Gothic spirit, and it may well have been erected about the time when the estate passed from Vernons to Mainwarings. The carvings, though entertainingly racy, have the coarseness of purely local work, and local craftsmen, following on from father to son, were a conservative race, and continued to use ancient forms long after the go-ahead townsmen

had cast them aside. The archway is flanked by fluted pilasters surmounted by brackets that display Adam and Eve with the serpent and the forbidden fruit. The great cross beam is slightly arched and is also richly carved, while a wealth of ornament frames the window above, and decorates the bargeboard of the gable. Passing through the great door composed of a double set of oak planks clamped together with iron nails and pierced with small holes, apparently to take the muzzle of a gun, we find the inner side of the gatehouse almost a replica of the outside, the work around the bayed-out window being very delightful, as the illustrations show. The figures and other carved motifs are much varied, and the same inventiveness and dislike of repetition on the part of the artist is displayed on the four massive corbels which support the corners of the overhanging first floor. The monstrous dragon that forms one of the subjects may readily be discerned in the picture of the north end of the building. It is, however, not only the original design, but also the present condition of the building, that fascinates. The effects of time and weather are nowhere obliterated, and both colour and texture are admirable. The oak has not been blacked or browned or oiled or otherwise ill-treated, but has been allowed to take a most delicious silvery grey tone in full sympathy with the worn plaster of its panels and the lichened stone-tiling of its roof. The Stokesay gatehouse is a model of how a timber-framed building should be designed, erected and maintained.

If it is difficult to decide to whom we owe this invaluable little structure, it is equally hard to assign the authorship of the Renaissance wainscoting and mantel-piece that were introduced into the solar without interference with its Gothic windows and the peepholes down into the hall. The caryatides on the mantel-piece, bearing baskets of fruit on their heads, are of a design, Flemish in origin, that appears on the screen of the Charterhouse hall, and this screen bears, on a strapwork frieze not unlike that of the Stokesay mantel-piece, the initials of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, who fitted the hall in 1571; so that if the Stokesay mantel-piece belongs to the same period, as it does to the same decorative school, both it and the gatehouse may have been erected together in the early years of the Mainwaring occupation. The square panels, with their elaborate strapwork cartouches, are thoroughly Flemish in feeling, and though traces of Italian influence linger about the filling of the narrow arched panels, the whole scheme was no doubt adapted by an English craftsman from one of the Flemish books of design that constituted the art-Bible



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THE GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A ROOM IN THE NORTH TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of England until Inigo Jones introduced a purer and more learned style. Thus, such work as the Stokesay mantel-piece went on, especially in the provinces, until Charles I. was King, and so the tradition that the solar was refitted by Charles Baldwyn or his son, Sir Samuel, may be correct. This Sir Samuel undoubtedly resided at Stokesay when he was not in London, his legal connection with which is implied by his having been buried in the Temple Church, where his monument describes him as of "Stoke Castle." He seems to have been a student and an antiquarian,

Parliamentarians came up, and one of them tells us: "The place was considerable, therefore the next morning we drew up to it, and summoned it, but the governor, Capt. Dawrett, refused, whereupon we prepared for a storm, and being ready to fall on, we gave a second summons which was hearkened unto, a party admitted, and it is now garrisoned for us." Thus Stokesay escaped destruction, and even the usual order made by the Commonwealth that this castle should be "slighted" must have been very mildly carried out. The eastern curtain wall was



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THE NORTH-EAST CORNER OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and, what was exceedingly rare in his time, to have liked to retain old-fashioned forms in his dwelling. He kept the central hearth and the shuttered but unglazed windows of his mediæval hall, and if his solar was refitted more in the mode of his day, it still retained its exterior approach. Partly, then, to Sir Samuel and his architectural conservatism, and partly to a Royalist captain possessing more discretion than valour, we owe the very exceptional preservation of Stokesay's ancient features. In 1645 it was held for the King, but a party of

no doubt breached or removed, and it would seem it was then that the battlemented top of the northern building was thrown down. If so, it will have been Sir Samuel Baldwyn (who lived on till 1683) that replaced the lost portion with the present timber-framed structure. It is hardly of the style that we should expect in the second half of the seventeenth century; but Sir Samuel may have had the same old-fashioned ideas in the matter of adding to, as of maintaining, his mediæval abode. His views must have been shared by his successors, for despite its primitive



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CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE SOLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SOLAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

disposition, Stokesay long remained a place of inhabitation, and a manuscript of 1730 speaks of the portraits of the Stewarts that hung on its walls. The time came, however, when it lay derelict, a mere outbuilding to a neighbouring farm. But that active Shropshire archaeologist, the late Mrs. Stackhouse Acton, worked to counteract the ruin that impended. She had already induced the then Lord Craven to allow some necessary repairs to be carried out, when the whole estate passed into other and sympathetic hands, and her anxiety for the safety of the fabric was at once set at rest. Mr. J. D. Allcroft housed himself anew on another site, and decided that the Castle should be left empty but kept safe and sound as an historic monument. It was about 1875 that he saw to the roofs and general structure, replacing where decay was rampant, but, wherever possible, leaving the original materials untouched, even in respect of their surfaces. Thirty years later his son continued the good work under the advice of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings. Thus, care has been taken that the group of buildings, which, beyond almost any other in the land, combines architectural interest with picturesque charm, should continue, carefully



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maintained but not "restored," to teach its vivid lesson of the past, and to afford a positive sensation of astonished delight to the sympathetic visitor who sees it for the first time. T.

LAW AND THE LAND.

MOST landowners have experienced the nuisance caused by the dog kept nominally as a sheepdog, actually as a poacher, or, more correctly, used in both capacities. Many of us know the cleverness with which such dogs will catch a hare or a rabbit. The worse bred they are the more clever they seem. The hearts of a number of keepers have been and are sorely tried by the deeds of the very innocent-looking mongrel that follows the farm boy and looks as if the pursuit of a rabbit was the last thing he would attempt. Does such a dog require the owner to take out a licence for keeping him? When the Inland Revenue officers collected the licences they were not too particular as to the number of dogs a farmer kept or as to the use to which the farmer put them; but the county councils are disposed to look more carefully after these licences than the Inland Revenue did. A perusal of the cases at Petty Sessions in different parts of the country at this time of year proves this. One of these cases came before the High Court on appeal



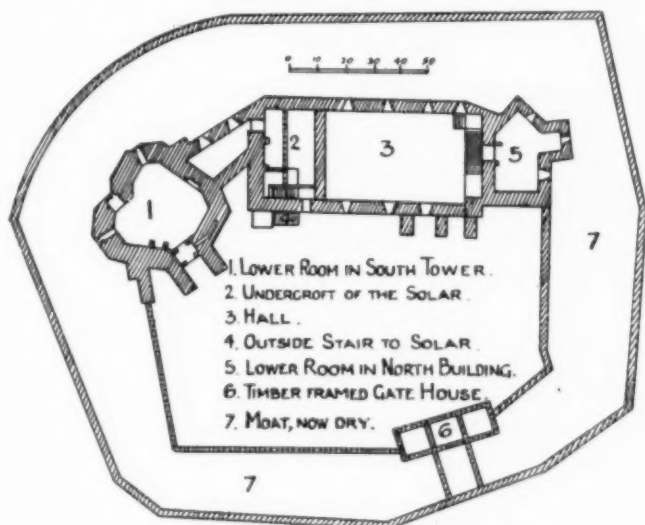
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EAST ELEVATION OF THE HALL BUILDING.

(The steps up to the solar appear on the left.)

"COUNTRY LIFE."

last week. It raised the very interesting point as to whether a sheep dog that kills rabbits when it gets an opportunity requires the owner to take out a licence for keeping it. The facts were: A farmer kept a dog for which he had duly obtained an exemption from the magistrates on the ground that such dog was solely used for the purpose of tending sheep and cattle. Last August the farmer was driving a reaping-machine in his field, and as the corn was being cut various rabbits ran out of the corn left standing. As they bolted, the sheepdog caught and killed them, the dog being set on and incited by the labourers and other persons present, with the farmer's knowledge, to kill the rabbits. The dog clearly knew his work, for in



PLAN OF STOKESAY CASTLE.

half-an-hour he had killed nine rabbits. On these facts the farmer was summoned for keeping a dog without a licence, the county council contending that a dog that can kill nine rabbits in half-an-hour is not a dog kept solely for the purpose of tending sheep or cattle. The Justices decided that the prosecution could not be maintained, on the grounds: (1) That the farmer did not set on the dog to kill the rabbits; (2) That the words in the Act, "solely" used for tending cattle and sheep, did not mean that a dog occasionally killing rabbits requires a licence; and (3) That it was a custom among Devonshire farmers, and had been for many years past, to permit their sheepdogs to kill vermin, which rabbits are, in the harvest-fields during reaping.

The King's Bench Division upheld the Justices, but on a much more limited ground than they had taken. The Lord Chief Justice held that the dog must be *bona fide* kept and used solely for the purpose of tending cattle or sheep, that the alleged custom was no defence in law to the prosecution, but that the farmer was not using the dog for catching rabbits. He was driving the reaping-machine, and the dog was urged on to chase the rabbits by other persons. And although the farmer did not stop them, to hold that this was use of the dog by the farmer would be to strain the language of the Act. The Lord Chief Justice added that, if it was found in any other case that the owner used the dog for chasing rabbits and it was an evasion of the terms of the exemption in the Act, he should come to a very different conclusion. When carefully examined this decision is not so far-reaching as it appears at first sight. The Court has decided that any such custom as was alleged is bad in law and no defence; it has further decided that if the owner uses a dog for which he has obtained an exemption as a sheepdog to kill rabbits, he must take out a licence for such dog—a very important decision on the question as to when a dog licence is or is not required. But if the person using the dog to kill rabbits is not the owner, no licence is required, even if it is done with the owner's knowledge. If, however, the owner uses the dog himself for that purpose he is liable. To us it would have seemed that the rule of law—*Qui facit per alium, facit per se*—applied if it was done, as here, with the owner's knowledge and consent. But the Court has decided that this is not so. The use must be by the owner of the dog. Farm servants who take their masters' sheepdogs out for a walk on a Sunday afternoon and kill hares and rabbits do not render it necessary for the master to take out a licence. If the master went with them it would depend on whether the master set on the dog; his allowing it to chase the rabbits and not calling it off would not be enough.

The decision leaves the law in a most unsatisfactory state, as it has made its evasion so easy. Farm servants will be the greatest possible nuisance to the keeper, as they can use the farm dogs for killing hares and rabbits almost with impunity. We venture to think that if in any case the farmer allowed his servants habitually to use his sheepdogs to kill rabbits he would require a licence, even although he was not present with the servants. If, again, the master had the rabbits when killed, it would then be known that his dog was being used for the purpose. He would here, we venture to submit, require a licence for the dog. In all future cases it will be more a question of fact than of law. If the dog, even if the master is not present, habitually kills rabbits to the master's knowledge, then, we submit, a licence is required, as this would be a user of the dog for chasing rabbits; but if, whether the owner is present or absent, the dog happens by chance to kill a rabbit, no licence would be required, as the dog was not kept or used for the purpose. The moral of the case is for landowners and the keepers to keep a careful note of every time they see sheepdogs chasing hares and rabbits, who are with the dogs on each occasion, and how often the chasing occurs. The matter is so important both to landowners and county councils that we have little doubt that before long we shall hear more of it.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

THE beauty of earnestness is always in Mrs. Humphry Ward's work. She keeps the flag of her enthusiasms flying in an unflinching wind of faith, and the passing years seem incapable of lowering it by so much as an inch. She believes in her own convictions, in the "worth while" of everything; she believes in her own characters and their struggles and energies; and she brings in her new book, *Canadian Born* (Smith, Elder and Co.), the same tremendous faith and interest to bear, and believes in her new subject—not a character this time, but a country—with all her old intensity. Herein lies at once the value of her work—and its weakness. Canada dominates the story; the characters serve but to illustrate and interpret their setting. Mrs. Ward travelled through Canada in 1908, and the land she saw, realised and perceived stands in her pages as Marcia and Rose and Mlle. de Lespinasse have stood, as much a heroine as any of them, with the same vigour of delineation and the same force of conception. The power to interest is as strong in her work as ever. Her characters may be dominated by the country with admiration of which she is herself on fire, but they are not crushed by it. Elizabeth Merton, an English aristocrat, is a charming and attractive personality. Elizabeth takes the journey that her author took. She travels across Canada in company with her delicate brother Philip and their friend Delaine, who hopes to marry her. She meets Canadians of all kinds and ranks and sorts. She sees the country. In the end, overwhelmed by the new life and land, she finds herself utterly unable to remain in the shelter and smallness (according to Mrs. Ward) of her life in England. She marries George Anderson, the hero of the story, a young engineer of no family, a "Canadian-born," with a great future before him, who is manly, brilliant, noble—all that a man should be, and she goes to live in Canada for good. That is the story. The setting is admirably done. The descriptions of the country Elizabeth sees are very beautiful. Space, and space again, and still more space—this is the keynote of the book. Here is room, physical and mental; here is greatness; here is a part of the earth and of our Empire, the future of which is only now

beginning to unroll itself, and which already takes men's breath away by its vastness. Imagination leaps to meet Mrs. Ward's descriptions of the great "North West," of the huge wheat-countries, of the vast mountain passes, of the fundamental things at work, pushing, forming, making a race—"hope and ambition—love and courage—the man wrestling with the earth—the woman who bears and brings up children." In saying and showing these things Mrs. Ward does the service she means to do. Her picture of this great land—part of their heritage and far too noble a part to demand anything but their best—will quicken the minds of Englishmen as they need to be quickened. But it is precisely at this point that praise ceases and criticism begins. The first doubt the book excites stands perhaps open to correction. Lady Merton, as also Mrs. Ward, saw Canada from the railway. Did she see Canada? The people she met were chosen people, selected for a distinguished guest. They were doubtless not the less representative, but were they types? She heard the great plans, schemes and conceptions of Canadian leaders. Would the details—which certainly escaped her—of the facts to be dealt with have borne out their, and her, eager generalisations? Details have a strange knack of defying ideas; and it would certainly be idle to say that Mrs. Ward seized the actual life of the country. She did not. It is not to be done from a railway. Canadians will be the first to say so. Still, she saw the great Dominion as a whole—saw the huge scheme and country in one, as it were—and in any event the value of this swift impression of a clever and enthusiastic woman remains the same. But from the second reproach Mrs. Ward has no such defence. What purpose does she think to serve, either in the mother or the great daughter country, by representing England as she does? Throughout the book there is not one English character of worth and dignity; the sole representatives of England who accompany Elizabeth are, as chosen by Mrs. Ward, a decadent dilettante who assiduously reads Homer while he journeys across the prairies, and a feeble-bodied, feeble-minded, volatile youth—both of them filled with contempt for the country they are seeing; while Elizabeth, the one English character worthy of the name, is depicted as

speaking of "our dear decrepit life" in England, and sums it up as consisting of "fish-knives, finger-glasses and dressing for dinner." This doubtless unconscious error is as great in art as in truth. The balance of the book is lost thereby. Had Mrs. Ward allowed but one of her English characters to represent the type of English gentleman as he himself worthily represents England in his thousands to-day, a type imbued with sense and modesty as fine as the world can show, as well known to Mrs. Ward as to anyone who knows England—had she chosen but one of the best of the great old country to stand in companionship and contrast with the best, as she openly admits them to be, of the great new country—her book would have become a study worthy of a different place in literature to the one it deserves now. As it is, she defeats her own object. We cannot think she really means what she seems to say. Art, beauty, comfort, dignity, order, grace—she apparently depreciates them all, because she wishes to praise a country in which, as yet, these things are not. This is the very weakness of enthusiasm run mad—to be incapable of praising the new save by depreciating the old—but it is a weakness that besets little minds which have not room to hold much, and Mrs. Humphry Ward should, without difficulty, have avoided it. She has not done so. She holds England up to incessant ridicule; she represents the Canadians as treating their English visitors with an amused and smug condescension, a tolerant pity, which she apparently admires; she even crowds her English country-house tea-party with English fools and "slackers," to whom Canada is a "colony," that her two Canadians, one of whom behaves with singular rudeness, by the way, may stand out supreme. We have dwelt on this doubtless unconscious defect with intention. Mrs. Ward's book will be read far and wide. It will be read on the prairies and in the Canadian cities, as well as in England and America. We are sorry she should have detracted from her fine purpose of representing Canada to England by so inadequate a representation of England to Canada; and we wish that she had taken a leaf out of the book of the great and growing nation she depicts, and been as just to her own country as the Canadians are loyal to theirs. Both England and Canada could well have afforded it. E. E.

THE DRY FLY AND THE WET.

Minor Tactics of the Chalk Stream, by G. E. M. Skues. (A. and C. Black.)

OF the making of books about angling there really seems to be no end. The first exclamation of the fisherman at sight of the title of this one is apt to be, "Oh lor! Another book on the Dry Fly!" That is really just what this book is not, and therein lies its justification. Mr. Skues, better known by his pen-name of "Seaforth and So-forth," here explains the success that he has found to attend his own skilled efforts in offering to trout of the chalk streams, when engaged in that abominable practice of "bulging"—that is to say, feeding under water on the nymphs of aquatic flies as they rise from the bottom of the river to the surface—more or less exact imitations fished wet. It is all really a turning of the tables on those who have long been engaged in pointing out to the fisher of what we call "wet-fly streams" the advantage of sometimes using the dry fly. Sometimes, on the dry-fly streams, says Mr. Skues—and it is in saying this in different ways, with varied instances, agreeably narrated, that his book virtually consists—fish may be caught with the wet fly when they will not look at the dry. To accept this doctrine is evidently to add not a little to the anticipations of sport. The present writer has in some small way found practical proof of Mr. Skues' contention, taking an occasional "bulging" fish by the wet-fly method; but thinking no more of the matter than that it is better to offer the fly to the trout where he has a chance of seeing it—and in case of a "bulging" fish that must mean under water—rather than where he will not see it, that is to say, on the surface. With vivid memory of these happy occasions he is bound to confess a belief that a following of Mr. Skues' suggestions may aid many a brother angler in getting sport where he might have come back with an empty creel for lack of

such suggestions. The author is always in a timorous and apologetic mood, defending himself in every chapter from the oburgations which he apprehends, and perhaps justly, will be cast at him by the dry-fly purists; but he explains that his is by no means the "chuck and chance it" method. He fishes, with the wet fly, for the individual, marked fish, and the throw has to be as deft and accurate, if it is to result in a "tight line," as any that delivers the floating fly. This is a book that all anglers who can approach its great subject with an open mind will read with interest and entertainment, and possibly profit. It is for the angler of the chalk streams that it is written, and he should read it. Its appeal is not to the general reader, for the writer takes a certain modicum of science in his reader for granted.

THE POETRY OF THE SEA.

Full Fathom Five, A Sea Anthology in Prose and Verse, by Helen and Lewis Melville. (George Bell and Sons.)

IN this anthology it is evident that the footsteps of those who have gone before have not been closely followed. There is evidence of independent judgment alike in the choice of authors and in the pieces that have been selected. Of course, it was inevitable that when this was the case some errors of judgment should have been made. The oddest one is that in connection with Robert Burns. The piece chosen for him is called "Musing on the Roaring Ocean." It is one of the weakest pieces that the ploughman-poet ever produced:

Musing on the roaring ocean
Which divides my love and me;
Weaving heaven with warm devotion
For his weal where'er he be.

Such an excellent choice was open to the editors that we wonder that they missed it. We mean "The Silver Tassie":

Go, fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

This is Burns at his best. The other is Burns at his worst. There is also a great deal of weak Longfellow. In the section headed "At the Call of the Sea," a great improvement might have been gained by the insertion of one or two of those exquisitely fine passages in the earliest Anglo-Saxon literature of which admirable translations have been made from time to time.

FAMILY HISTORY.

THE EARL OF MARCH has prepared an important volume interesting to sportsmen and others, entitled *Records of the Old Charlton Hunt*, which Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish shortly. The book will consist of material which he has himself collected from unpublished documents and letters which have lain for many years at Goodwood. It will include the hunting journal (1738—1746) of the second Duke of Richmond, who was Master of the Charlton Hounds, and a sporting agreement between His Grace and the Earl of Tankerville, touching the hunting of the country, of a semi-humorous nature drawn up in legal form, signed "Richmond and Lenox—Tankerville," and witnessed by the Dukes of Grafton, St. Albans, Bolton and Montrose. The letters are all addressed to the Duke from his fox-hunting friends, and possess exceptional interest. Some Sussex sporting songs will also see the light for the first time. It will be fully illustrated from pictures at Goodwood, and the sporting agreement will be fac-similed in colotype.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

Eight Friends of the Great, by W. P. Courtney. (Constable.)
Corporal Sam, by "Q." (Smith, Elder.)
Fame, by B. M. Croker. (Mills and Boon.)
The Sword Maker, by Robert Barr. (Mills and Boon.)
The Canvas Door, by Mary Farley Sanborn. (Alton Rivers.)
[A LIST OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE LIII.]

COLONIAL NOTES.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND WESTERN CANADA.

MUCH satisfaction has been expressed at the statements in the excellent letter which accompanied the donation of five hundred pounds by the Prince of Wales to the Archbishop of Canterbury's Western Canada Fund. The object of the fund is to make provision for the Church's life and progress in Western Canada. The Prince of Wales has a knowledge of Canada and its wants that is not exceeded by that of any living statesman. The problem is, indeed, a very weighty and difficult one; but the Archbishop has succeeded in raising great enthusiasm among his clergy, and we have no doubt that it will be solved satisfactorily. Canada last year received some hundred and eighty thousand emigrants, mostly from this country. A large majority went to Western Canada, where they are scattered over a wide extent of territory. For some years, and perhaps for the greater part of their lives, they have to face great loneliness. It is the fate of the

pioneer to live by himself and his family, and no doubt those who have been accustomed to receive the ordinary ministrations of religion in this country must feel the want of them greatly when exiled in the backwoods. The Archbishop's idea is to keep in touch with these settlers by means of missions to be spread over the country in such a manner that there will not be a small township or even a log hut which does not come within their scope. The clergy going out are young men actuated only by love of their calling. For them no brilliant possibilities are opened by the Far West. The Church will pay them simply a maintenance wage. Indeed, the sum mentioned by some of the men would not be regarded as a living wage by the average workman; but they will be so organised, and frequent communication will be established where possible, that they will have the aid of companionship to solace them in trials and difficulties. The expenses, even under the most economical management, must be considerable. At present there are nine volunteers for the work; but the Archbishop is

asking for fifty more for ten years to come, and for at least four of these years provision must be made for their support. It will amount to about seven hundred and fifty pounds for each man for the four years, that is to say, until his mission becomes self-supporting. The total requirements have been estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. It is a great and ambitious scheme, which deserves all the support given to it by His Royal Highness.

WOMEN'S EMIGRATION.

A most important letter has been drawn up and published by the Princess Christian and three of her colleagues. She herself is president of the South African Colonisation Society, Lady Bective is president of the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women, Lady Knightley is president of the British Women's Emigration Association, and Lady Grosvenor is chairman of the Committee of Colonial Intelligence for Educated Women. The theme on which they write is the advantages of the Colonies for educated women. The ground fact of the situation is that in this country there is a surplus of females. Biologists tell us that a strong race always produces more females than males, and when males preponderate it is a sign of decay. So there is no reason for apprehension about

healthful and even athletic in body. They have every capacity for being useful members of a new community and, in the end, for becoming the mothers of a Colonial race. Physiologists may perhaps explain why it is that in the Colonies the disproportion of the sexes becomes changed and the boys predominate over the girls. Dr. Lathom, whose dictionary is still in use, used to have a theory, which he established by means of many facts and modern instances, that a race never succeeded in maintaining itself as a colony unless it intermixed with the indigenous people or was continually recruited with fresh blood. The climate must certainly produce some effect on the men. The early colonies of Greece and Rome passed utterly out of existence. To keep our own a stream of fresh emigrant blood from England is absolutely necessary.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF RHODESIA.

During the present year Rhodesia, owing to the Royal visit and other causes, is likely to be much before the public eye, and the attention of the emigrant is being freshly directed towards it. This is, in a great measure, due to the advances made in the growing and drying of tobacco. Rhodesian tobacco has now secured a foothold in London, and speaking from personal



R. B. Mun.

CROSSING THE GUASO NYIRO, BRITISH EAST AFRICA.

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the fact that the proportion of girl-babies that come into the world in England is greater than that of boy-babies. Further, the numerical difference between the sexes greatly increases as time goes on, probably because more men go abroad either to the Colonies or to seek their fortune in some other way. It is too often thought that the Colonies are only good for the women who are prepared to go to the backwoods and perform work compared to which the work of domestic service is light. This is not the case. There are as many openings for the younger daughter as there are for the younger son, and it is lamentable that she should be so often, in the words of the letter, "compelled to linger at home till her youth is past with no better prospect than a future of aimless and dreary spinsterhood." The educated gentlewoman, accustomed to country life, will find many openings in the Colonies similar to those she has here, only the positions are better paid and are less crowded. Again quoting the letter, "In nursing, in teaching, in clerical work and in a score of other capacities the Colonists report that there is need of women's assistance." These educated women, many of whom possess a little capital that could be utilized to advantage in a new land, would be a decided acquisition to any Colony they went to, as they are for the most part not only well educated but

experience, we are satisfied that it is a sound, clean, unadulterated tobacco, the recent samples showing a great improvement on those first sent to us. The cigarettes, too, seem to meet with general approval. One result of this is to attract a sort of man who does not generally emigrate. That is to say, one who has retired from business with a little capital, or who is in receipt of a Government pension. We met a man of this kind the other day. He made a small fortune in Canada in his early manhood, and came home to England, partly owing to a domestic bereavement and partly for the purpose of educating his children. Now that they are off his hands he has started for Rhodesia, because he thinks a Colonial life the happiest possible, or, at any rate, the most suitable for a man of his temperament. He has never cultivated tobacco in his life, but prides himself on his ability to pick up any craft that is practised on the land. He timed his journey so as in the course of it to witness the process of drying, because the whole secret of tobacco culture lies not so much in growing as in preparing it for manufacture. Such a man is in every way likely to spend the later portion of his life pleasantly and happily. The labour will not be so crushing as to deprive him of the power of enjoyment, and in Rhodesia he will have the advantage of obtaining three thousand

acres of land on what seems to us an extremely easy scheme of annual payment. Tobacco, as the early Virginians found out, is a crop on which fortunes may be founded, and if energetic measures are taken to propagate the merits of the plant in this country, so as to establish a trade of some magnitude, there is every possibility of the man establishing an estate. Perhaps some of his children when they grow elderly will go out to take up the work when he leaves it. But, of course, tobacco is not the only crop which can be grown to advantage in Rhodesia. Its cotton is rapidly coming before the public, and the general agricultural resources of the district are enormous. The drawbacks lie first in its remoteness from the coast and in the scarcity of railways. It will be necessary to strengthen the internal means of communication if Rhodesia is to be developed. At present it has, comparatively speaking, only a very small white population in comparison with the black. No towns of importance have yet arisen, so that the Colonist has, so to speak, the world before him. The principal attraction so far has lain in the mines, which now, by the by, are in a very favourable condition for earning profits; but in the end it will probably be found that the cultivation of the soil is the mainstay of Rhodesia.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A TRUE AND NEW TALE.

A CERTAIN noble earl is the fortunate possessor of a very fine natural golf links of the true seaside character. He is also the fortunate possessor of a singularly youthful figure and aspect. On a certain Bank Holiday he had just putted out the seventeenth hole on this course, and had moved off to the eighteenth tee, when the seventeenth flag, at the end of a long stick, blew over

and lay on the ground. The couple following were not members of the club, but had been put down for the day. One of them, playing up a little "chip" shot from the edge of the green, went very wide of the hole, and rather near the bunting of the flag; on which he said to the earl's partner, who was close to him, going to the next tee, "I wish you'd tell that boy you're playing with that he ought to see the flag is put back properly in the hole." To which he was told, "If you've anything to say to that boy, you'd much better say it to him yourself." Thus encouraged, the Bank Holiday gentleman went to the offender and said, "Look here, why don't you put the flag back properly? It made me play yards away from the hole." It has to be admitted that the reply given to this was not of the soft species that turns away wrath, for it went: "Oh bosh! I saw your shot. You hit the ball right on the shank." To which the golfer out for a holiday said, raging furiously, "If you don't know how to behave on a golf course you ought not to be allowed on the links at all." "Well," replied the other, with a finality which was followed by the instantaneous collapse of the visitor, "it so happens that the whole of the links belongs to me, and also that I'm captain of the club, so perhaps I have almost as much right to be here as you have." It only shows that "you can't be too particular"; and certainly this story, especially for those who are able to put the dots of identification on the "P's," is one of the most pleasant of true and new golfing tales that has been told for a long while.

THE LOCALS IN EAST LOTHIAN.

That must have been a fine foursome at Muirfield lately, in which Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Gairdner—this is the couple

BOYS FOR AUSTRALIA.

The Church Army has elaborated an extensive plan for the emigration to Australia of boys who have no future in England. Why they have no future is tolerably plain. Among the poorer classes it is customary to send a boy to become an errand boy, messenger boy, shop boy, or to perform some kindred function. What appear to the parent considerable wages for a child are given at the beginning, but then they do not increase. The boy learns no trade or craft, and when he grows too big for his occupation there is not much left for him but to join the ranks of the unemployed. At the best he can only be an unskilled labourer with precarious chances of employment. The Church Army, taking these facts into consideration, has formed a Boys' Aid Department with the object of getting into touch with boys and youths running wild about the streets. They introduce the lads to clubs, brigades, scouts and similar organisations that have been created for their benefit, and get employment for them at proper trades when they leave school instead of blind-alley occupations. Recently the plan of emigration to Australia for lads over sixteen years of age has been adopted. A careful oversight over the boys is maintained, so that only those of good physique and good character are sent out.

to be named first, because Mr. Maxwell is the champion—met, and were beaten by, Mr. Laidlay and Captain Hutchison. On the thirty-six holes there were only two holes between them. The winning pair have been playing remarkable golf—Captain Hutchison especially fine—of late; but Mr. Maxwell is so terrible at Muirfield that he might almost be thought to set the balance equal, with such a helper as Mr. Gairdner. We have heard a deal of the golf in the Lothians all through the early days of the spring—it is in fact possible that the spring of the East of Scotland may not be quite

such a terrific season as we of England have been taught to deem it?—and there is evidence that there are men there girding up their loins for the great contests of early June and late May. Indeed, there is one—Captain Hutchison—who ought to go near winning the open championship, too, on his present form. He should not, of right, be spoken of as a local of East Lothian; but he is so identified with that district that it seems natural to speak so of him. He seems to be always playing there.

MR. H. D. GILLIES.

Mr. Gillies has two peculiar claims to fame among golfers—he is a New Zealander and a distinguished oarsman. Rowing golfers are very rare phenomena, though there are, of course, Mr. A. P. Paterson and Mr. Mossop, while Mr. Maxwell has some claims to be included on the strength of rowing in the Victory at Eton. Mr. Gillies rowed seven for two years in the Cambridge boat, and he also, of course, represented his University at golf. That he did so, however, came about in a curious way. The Cambridge team had gone down to Sandwich for the University match with no idea that so good a golfer was blushing unseen at Caius. Mr. Gillies, however, happened by pure chance to be one of a reading party in the neighbourhood and his merits were discovered just in time for him to be put into the team and win his match. Since then he has played as much golf as his hard work at "Barts" will let him, and when he is in sufficient practice he is a very fine player indeed, with a great capacity for going steadily and calmly ahead. He was deservedly chosen to play for England in 1908, has very nearly won the South of Ireland championship, and has been one of the last eight in the amateur championship.



MR. H. D. GILLIES.

THE UNIVERSITIES' TOUR

The Oxford and Cambridge Society began their tour on the East Lothian courses with a match against Tantallon. They had quite a reasonably strong side; but a very good side indeed is wanted to beat Tantallon at North Berwick, and although all the play was by foursomes, in which the society, as a rule, rather shine by contrast, they were beaten by nine matches to five. It was pleasant to see on the visiting side the names of Mr. Pease, Mr. de Zoete and Mr. Scratton, who play all too seldom. Mr. Pease and Mr. de Zoete did very well, beating Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Lyell in the morning and Mr. Laidlay and Mr. Ross in the afternoon. Wherever the society play foursomes, Mr. Low and Mr. Croome are a standing dish, and they are not only a good pair, but go through the performance with a dignity and solemnity worthy of the greatest traditions of the foursomes. They won their first match, but in the afternoon lost to Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Lyell by four and two. The three particularly great men on the Tantallon side, Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Maxwell and Captain Hutchison, did not combine in order to make one invincible couple—in any case a difficult thing to accomplish—but each took to himself a comparatively weaker partner. Captain Hutchison and Mr. Tennant lost both their matches, while the other two with their respective partners won one and lost one. Two good pairs, Mr. Gairdner and Mr. Moncrieff and Mr. Currie and Mr. Park, won both their matches, as did Major Fleming of billiard fame. The Tantallon side was a good deal stronger than that which opposed the invaders on the delightful course of New Luffness, where is to be found some of the very best turf in the world of golf. Here the society, strengthened by the presence of Mr. F. H. Mitchell, won by eight matches to four.

GUTTY BALLS AT MUSSELBURGH.

It was a happy thought that on one of their free days the members of the society team should make a pilgrimage to Musselburgh, for, since the championship was taken from it, comparatively few golfers visit that famous course. It was also eminently proper that the golf played should take the form of foursomes, and that with gutty balls. Not only was this thoroughly in keeping with the pious and sentimental nature of the pilgrimage, but it doubtless enabled the visitors to appraise much more justly the merits, not only of the course, but also of the feats accomplished there by the famous players of an elder generation. It had, we believe, been originally intended to play a match between the English and Scottish members of the party, but apparently the sides sorted themselves better under the heads of Oxford and Cambridge. There were three couples a side, and Cambridge won by the odd match. Perhaps the most creditable win, however, was an Oxford one—the victory of Mr. Croome and Mr. Robertson-Durham over Mr. Low and Mr. Norman Hunter.

A QUESTION OF GRIP.

There is nowadays to be seen in several golf clubs a plaster cast taken from life of Harry Vardon's grip, from which the aspiring student may mark and learn the exact method of holding the club, which is generally known as the "Vardon Grip." We reproduce this week photographs of this plaster cast and also, for purposes of comparison, photographs of the grips of Braid, Taylor and Herd. Of the four men, Vardon, Braid and Taylor all employ practically the same method, the "overlapping" or "inter-locking" grip, while Herd is entirely distinct, holding the club in what may be termed, without disrespect, the old-fashioned way. The difference between Herd's grip and that of the other three jumps to the eye at once. There are no thumbs laid down the shaft and not much finger grip; the club is sunk well home in the palms. The left hand, too, seems to be held less pronouncedly over the shaft. There is very little of the knuckles to be seen, and they have not that emphatically heavenward turn which is to be seen in the case of all the other three in a greater or less degree. However, old-fashioned or not, it must be admitted that the grip looks splendidly forcible; even if we did not know Herd, we should imagine that there was a very determined person at the end of those temporarily truncated hands.

SOME SUBTLE DISTINCTIONS.

So much then for Herd. When we turn to the "triumvirate" we can see at first absolutely no difference between the three, and, in truth, we can only draw very subtle distinctions after submitting the photographs to an examination worthy of the Rokeby "Venus." The chief difference is in the

matter of the little finger, which is, after all, the key to the situation. Both Taylor and Vardon allow the little finger of the right hand to ride exactly on the top of the first finger of the left. Braid, on the other hand, tucks the little finger between the first and second fingers of the left



THE GRIP OF VARDON. (From plaster casts.)



OF TAYLOR. (From life.)



OF BRAID. (From life.)

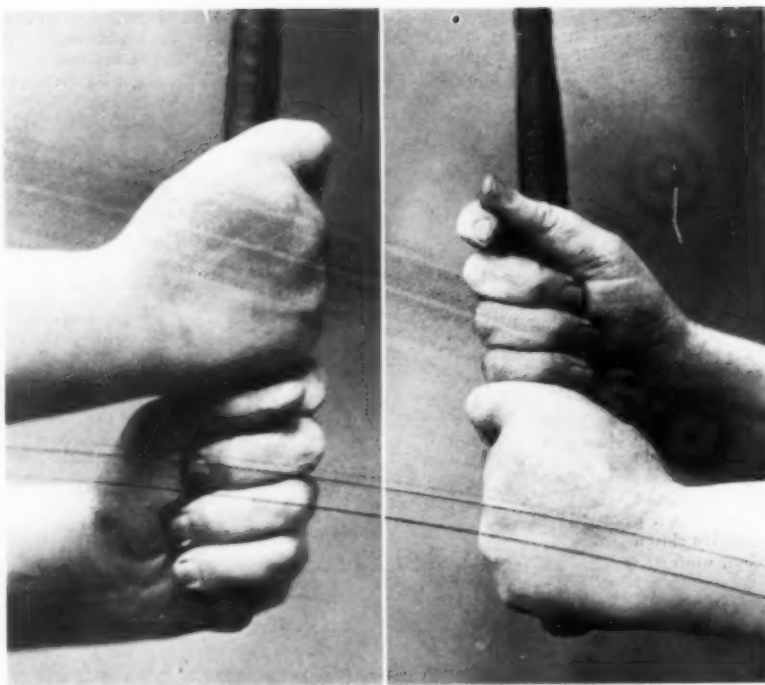
hand. Anyone who will take the trouble to experiment with these two methods will find the distinction is not so meticulous as one as it might appear. The Braid method seems to give a greater sense of grip and force to the right hand; the Vardon and Taylor plan just at first makes the right hand feel rather powerless. The suggestion may be hazarded that for those who have not very strong fingers Braid's plan is the better, though those whose fingers are not both long and strong will probably do better without overlapping at all. The other point which strikes us is that Braid holds his left hand, to a very marked extent, over the shaft—that is, we see a great deal of his knuckles. This is just as anyone would expect who has watched Braid carefully; he always seems to be doing a tremendous lot of work with the back of that left hand of his.

BALL AND ROBSON.

Tom Ball and Robson, playing a good-bye match in the North before coming South, the one to Bramshott and the other to the West Surrey Club, played it to the conclusion which the public form of the two may hardly have led us to think right, for Robson won by two up and one to play. It appears that for once in a way Ball missed some short putts, but he is not likely to do so again for a long while, and is almost certainly the man whom the veterans have to fear more than any other. We shall now have, besides the three great men, Taylor, Braid and Vardon, in the South, Ball and Robson, so that, with the exception of Herd, all the best have been attracted hither, which is, perhaps, in some ways a pity. Still, we who gain need not complain. Harry Vardon is responsible for the Sandy Lodge course, so far as its planning is concerned, a course which shows a healthy and whole-hearted devotion to the one or two shot principle; that is to say, that it has five holes which can be reached in one, and the rest requiring, for perfect play and perfect weather, two good big shots. Nevertheless, there will be found in practice to be imperfections enough in both of these particulars to give plenty of opportunities for maschie play on the part of those who tell us that they get none unless holes are specially laid out to give them these occasions.

A BLACK MARAUDER.

WHAT is probably the most thorough report on the habits of a bird that has yet been produced is that on the thieving habits of the rook by Mr. Walter E. Collinge. It is condemnatory; but that could not be helped. In the autumn of 1908 Mr. Collinge was invited by the council of the Land Agents' Society to undertake an enquiry into the thieving habits of the rook. During many years farmers had complained greatly of their crops being stolen by this bird, while its defence was as ardently taken up by writers to the Press. In order to carry out the enquiry, Mr. Collinge got into communication with agricultural correspondents in about forty county divisions. Specimens were shot, and either examined at home or forwarded to him during every month of the year. They were examined when fresh, and the results are set forth in the report that has just been published. Now older writers on ornithology have made out a very strong case for the rook. The Rev. F. O. Morris calculated that a rookery numbering ten thousand birds will consume in one year two hundred and nine tons of worms, insects and their larvæ. That excellent ornithologist, Howard Saunders, practically endorsed this opinion, which was not founded, however, on any actual experiment. It was pure theory. Mr. Collinge expresses the views of all sound students when he says that not only must exact information be collected, but its collection "must extend over a wide area and throughout all the months of the year." He also expresses the caution that where there has been an unusual increase in birds there is generally, at the same time, a change in their food habits. Now the rook has multiplied amazingly during the last ten years and, we may add, during the ten years before that. There is also a considerable migration to our coast in the autumn from the Continent. The results are very striking. Of the six hundred and thirty-one rooks whose gizzards were examined wheat and grain were in the greatest abundance. Very few other seeds were found, and these only in thirty-nine cases. In eighty-four cases remains of fruit were found. They were mainly acorns, but in a few cases red currants and gooseberries. Roots were present in thirty-six cases, and they were the roots



THE GRIP OF HERD. (From Life.)

of grass and potatoes. Mr. Collinge was surprised at the small amount of animal food found in the gizzards. It only amounted during the twelve months to fifteen per cent. of the total contents. In one hundred and sixteen cases beetles or their larvæ were present. Dipterous larvæ occurred in only six cases. Butterflies and moths were found in fifteen gizzards. Hemiptera, the order which includes aphides, plant bugs, etc., was found in only one case. Seven rooks had been eating bees or wasps and half-a-dozen millipedes. Other animal matter found in the gizzard was four field-mice, part of the small intestine of a rat, a young rabbit and eight young birds. In a few cases bits of egg-shell were discovered, and pheasants' eggs in five cases. Mr. Collinge was assisted in his work by Mr. Douglas T. Thring, and they came to the same

conclusion. We ought to say that the figures we quote refer to the years 1908-1909.

(1) That 67.5 per cent. of the food of the rook consists of grain; if to this we add that of roots and fruits the percentage is raised to 71 per cent.

(2) The animal food content was only 29 per cent., of which quite one-third must be reckoned against the rook.

(3) There is ample evidence to show that with the present large numbers of rooks a grain diet is preferred.

(4) So far as the evidence of this enquiry shows, the rook is not a particularly beneficial bird to the agriculturist, although its usefulness might be considerably increased were it fewer in numbers.

The recommendation made is based on a dictum of the American ornithologist, Mr. F. E. L. Beal, who says that if birds display an inordinate appetite for grain, the explanation is that there are too many birds of the same or closely allied species gathered together within a limited area. On this text comment is made that "no words could be more pertinent than these in respect to the enquiry in hand, in short, we have too many rooks; indeed, one might go further and state we have far too many of a number of species of wild birds which are distinctly destructive to cereal and root crops, game, etc. The only recommendation I have to make is to suggest that land agents and others should at once proceed to systematically reduce the number and hold it in check."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MOLE-PLOUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your questions about the amount of land, etc., that could be drained in one day by means of the mole-plough, I have seen a ten to twelve acre field, with drains at a distance of five yards from each other, depth sixteen to eighteen inches, finished easily in the day. I should like to point out that it is on clay land this plough is so useful, and that on this soil there are many days during the winter when horses stand idle in consequence of the arable ground being too wet to work on it. At such times the draining can be done; therefore it is difficult to estimate the true cost, though under no circumstances can it be as heavy as other ways of draining, nor do I think it approaches the sum, twenty-five shillings per day, mentioned in your note.—FRANCES PITT.

ADVICE TO AMATEUR AXE-MEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Whether out of pious imitation of the late Mr. Gladstone or of individual idiosyncrasy, it seems that a great many estate-owners are fond of going about their properties armed with more or less useful or more or less ornamental axes and doing, from time to time, a bit of amateur forestry as their taste and the needs of their trees require. I think it may be just as well, if you will permit me, to give these and other persons, who may be disposed to follow their example, a word of warning. Some of the small axe-heads with which the more ornamental and less useful of these weapons are fitted are somewhat liable to fly off the handle, and when this happens the danger of a possibly fatal accident is very obvious. I am impelled to write this letter by the very narrow escape of one of my own friends from such an accident only the other day. The axe-head flew off as he made a blow at the bough, and only just missed cutting his arm. Happily the head and not the sharp edge struck him. This was one of the small axe-heads, such as the amateur generally carries for convenience; and it is to be noted that it was an absolutely new tool, in use for the first time that day. This shows that even before use the utmost care should be taken to ascertain that

the head is secure. We are apt to think that the thing is sure to be all right when first it leaves the shop, but it seems that this is quite a delusion. Probably any experienced axe-man would be able to tell you whether the head was safe, and to make it so if it were not, and his advice is well worth taking. If you, Sir, will be kind enough to publish this letter, and your readers will heed it, it may, I think, be the means of preventing more than one bad accident to those who like lopping their own trees.—H.

CASTLE RISING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Enclosed I send you a print of the quaint old Saxon gallery in Castle Rising, Norfolk. I do not think a similar study of this subject has appeared

before. Perhaps it may be acceptable to you for reproduction. From "Beautiful Britain" I call the following: "Castle Rising, four miles from Lynn, Norfolk, is attributed by one authority to Alfred the Great. The grounds for this supposition are the arches, still to be seen, which are characteristic of Saxon architecture. If this is the case, the stupendous earthworks which surround Rising are of a later period than the castle itself, for they date from the Conques, a fine example of Norman camp-making."



AN OLD SAXON GALLERY.

After the battle of Hastings the property was taken from its possessor, Stigand of Canterbury, and bestowed by William I. upon his half-brother, Odo of Bayeux. When Odo rebelled against William Rufus, the property was granted to William d'Albini, and his son was made cup-bearer to Henry I. It is to him that the castle is attributed, but whether the Saxon theory be true or not, the edifice encloses a building erected before his time, that is to say, before the middle of the twelfth century.—A. BRACEWELL.

CLAY PIPES OF PRE-TOBACCO TIMES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Small clay pipes, somewhat like those mentioned, were known as "Fairy Pipes." I do not know what they were used for—hardly for tobacco smoking, for they would hold but a "whiff." I can remember how children used to gather "foal-foot" flowers to dry them for mixing with tobacco which their fathers, and often their mothers, smoked, and the colts' foot flowers being about the colour of "light shag" mixed well, and was said to improve the flavour. People could not afford so much tobacco then as nowadays, for wages were only about half what they are now. When a long clay pipe became foul, it was cleaned by thrusting into the fire, a process which improved it—so it was said—very much.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

EVERY MONTH A HARVEST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I venture to transcribe this little table from the Quarterly Journal of the Royal, as it must be of great interest to your readers:

January.	Australia, New Zealand, Argentine, Chili.
February.	India.
March.	India, Upper Egypt.
April.	Mexico, Cuba, Lower Egypt, Syria, Persia, Asia Minor.
May.	North Africa, China, Japan and Southern United States of America.
June.	Mediterranean and Southern France, Central and East United States of America South of 40deg.
July.	France, Austria, Hungary, Southern Russia, Northern United States of America, Ontario and Quebec.
August.	England, Belgium, Netherlands and Germany, East Canada.
September.	Scotland, Sweden, Norway, Russia.
October.	Finland and Northern Russia.
November.	Peru, South Africa.
December.	Burma, South Australia.

It is a very complete little table and shows how the wheat supply pours into this country during every month of the year.—AGRICOLA.

POULTRY CURIOSITIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the last week I have heard on reliable authority about eggs with yolks which were to all intents and purposes white, and about one egg which was almost entirely yolk. In the former case the freak was probably due to absence of animal food, but I am at a loss to account for the latter. It would be interesting to know if others have come across instances of a

similar kind, and also to hear any suggestions as to the cause in both cases. In my neighbourhood we have come to regard 1910 as distinctly an eccentric year, especially with regard to the behaviour of turkeys. I have in my possession a turkey's egg which was laid on April 5th. It weighs a shade over two-thirds of an ounce, it measures one and three-sixteenths of an inch in one direction and one and a-quarter inches in the other, and the corresponding girths are three and seven-eighths inches and four inches respectively. By way of comparison, it may be said that an average medium-sized egg measures about two and nine-sixteenths of an inch by two and a quarter inches. Is this a record?—W. G. W.

THE COMMON BUZZARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Permit me to offer a few comments on Mr. Pike's article on the buzzard in your issue of March 19th. I do not think for a moment that he will venture to dub me a "week-ender," as he designates some of the critics who, he says, have pulled some of his statements to pieces. In the first place he writes: "The buzzard usually chooses a ledge on a cliff for the eyrie, but in certain parts of Wales there are a few well-used nests in trees, and as these are generally used by some bird of prey each season, they grow to an enormous size." (1) It would have been more accurate had he said: In Wales the eyrie is usually on a cliff, because, in the buzzard's haunts there, there are far fewer woods and trees generally than crags. For the buzzard nests equally in trees and rocks, according to circumstances, and I am not at all sure that the former is not preferred. (2) Then the statement that the nest is on a cliff-ledge is bald, seeing that very few eyries indeed are placed on bare, unprotected ledges, some ninety-five per cent. being built at the base of and behind some tree or bush clinging to the rock-face. This habit of building behind a tree on a precipice may be some further indication of the buzzard's tree-loving propensity. (3) There are quite a number of tree-building buzzards in Wales. I know of at least fifty woods or plantations in South Central Wales which harbour a buzzard's nest annually. (4) Mr. Pike's remark that the tree nests "are generally used by some bird of prey each season" is misleading. What birds of prey? Sometimes, of course, a kestrel or a tawny owl will utilise a deserted buzzard's eyrie, but since neither of these birds make any alteration beyond a scrape and general flattening of the top of the structure, his statement carries no weight. A kite would add to a disused buzzard's nest, though it would be very exceptional for it to use a buzzard's nest at all, and in any case, there are remarkably few kites left. A sparrow-hawk would do the same, but I still have to hear of a sparrow-hawk building its nest on top of a buzzard's home. Mr. Pike further observes "two nests are often constructed in one dingle." Quite so, and very frequently more than two. Nor does the buzzard invariably incubate its first and succeeding eggs, that is, it sometimes—indeed quite frequently—waits for the completion of the clutch before it begins to sit. Four eggs to a clutch, I may remark, is a very rare event, anyhow in Wales. And as to the statement about one young buzzard killing and devouring its brethren, I am extremely sceptical. (Dr. Salter was, I believe, the first to draw attention to this supposed trait.) It is a fact, of course, that young buzzards, while yet in the eyrie, bicker a good deal from time to time, and, as a consequence, one or more may, and do, get pushed out; should one die in the nest it would, of course, be liable to be eaten. But, considering that I have known many a brood of two and three fly intact, both from rock and tree nests, I cannot believe for a moment that the trait is of anything more than chance occurrence. I may mention, too, that on more than one occasion I have found a young buzzard—assuredly pushed out of its home during some quarrel—lying dead among the rocks below an eyrie. Moreover, there is no parallel case in Nature, with the exception of the young cuckoo. But that creature, it must be remembered, is a parasite, and is meant to behave as it does.—JOHN WALPOLE BOND.

EARTH-QUAKE?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which, I think, might be useful for publication. The incident occurred after the heavy rain in a wheat-field on Chatley Farm, Cobham, Surrey, the water suddenly bursting up and causing the effect seen in the photograph. The trench is four feet deep and wide in places. The result looks quite like an earthquake.—HUGH WEST.



AN EFFECT OF HEAVY RAIN.

IN A NORTH DEVON FARMHOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a farmhouse interior that may interest your readers. The mantel-piece houses a curious collection of articles of use and ornament, while the fireplace is equipped with curious old cauldrons on a peat fire. Nothing was arranged for the purpose of making the picture, which shows the interior as found in Cheriton Farm, Blue Ball, North Devon.—ARTHUR R. GILLMAN.



THE DOMESTIC HEARTH.

rooks? In a growing residential portion of this town the rooks have for many years enjoyed the privilege of building their nests in a number of fine elms, much to the delight of the residents. But, alas! the decree went forth that these trees must be "lopped," and the process was deferred until the season's nest-building was well advanced. Several trees in which rooks had nested were brought low, and to-day one noble elm has likewise been sacrificed, the limbs in falling bringing with them six or eight nests in a more or less advanced state of completion. One can imagine the feelings of the poor birds on seeing the utter destruction of their labours and the complete annihilation of the homes of their future offspring! Should there not be some legal restriction as to the period for carrying out this work of tree lopping? I should like to know what will be the probable effect of this disaster on the unhappy birds, who have had, literally, every stick of their home and furniture wrested from them. Is the season too far advanced for them to begin building again and to make a new home in some more favourable spot? Perhaps some of your correspondents can enlighten—A LOVER OF BIRDS, Abbotsbury, Newton Abbot.

ELECTRICITY IN THE COUNTRY HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—The question of the heating and the lighting of the country house is one of such importance to many of your readers that I venture to ask for information on the subject through the medium of your paper. Could anyone who is impartial in the matter and can speak from practical experience of the two systems inform me which is the better: (1) For heating, hot air or water? (2) For lighting, acetylene gas or petrol gas? I am anxious to know the advantages or disadvantages of each respectively as to effectiveness, the original outlay, the cost of maintenance, the simplicity of management, etc.—C.

[A system of low-pressure hot water with radiators is the best for heating country houses. The cost of installing a system comprising not fewer than sixteen to twenty radiators, calculated to give a temperature of sixty to sixty-five degrees, should not exceed ten pounds per radiator. This estimate would be for the engineer's work and would be exclusive of any builder's work in cutting away or making good, which, of course, depends entirely upon the class of house and the interior decorations. For a house with average size rooms, with an installation as given above, the consumption of fuel should not exceed nine shillings a week with coke at fourteen shillings per ton. It is usual to use coke as fuel, but small coal, such as is delivered with an ordinary supply of house coal, is quite as suitable. In many instances the heating furnace is used for burning up the house refuse and cinders from the house fires. Radiators can be fixed so that they are hardly noticeable, e.g., under a window seat, in a cavity under the floor, or behind perforated cases. An important point to be borne in mind is that the cheapest scheme is not necessarily the best. Our correspondent should place himself in the hands of a thoroughly reliable firm of heating engineers of first-class standing used to the class of work contemplated. The builder's work also should be done by a good firm of contractors, and the whole installation carried out either

under the superintendence of an architect or engineer, to ensure a satisfactory result and prevent danger of structural damage to the building. Should the house be very old and the cutting away costly, or in the case of an historical building where it is desirable to minimise the interference with old work, it is worth considering the installation of the "Cable" system, which by the smallness of its pipes and the fact that the pipes can be run without reference to levels, reduces the cutting away to a minimum. With regard to the type of boiler, at the present day cast-iron boilers are very much used and are quite reliable; but this is a question for the heating engineer to report upon after he has examined the conditions under which the apparatus has to be worked and the location of the boiler-house. It is now possible to warm a room by radiating the heat from the plastered wall surfaces or around the borders of the floor by forming an impervious margin, and in neither case would any pipes or radiators be seen. As regards lighting, there is very little to choose between acetylene gas or petrol air gas; but in both cases it is necessary to employ a reliable firm of engineers. A cheap plant is sure to give trouble in the long run. We dealt fully with acetylene in our issues of September 25th and October 23rd, 1909, and in the latter article you will see the cost of an installation. An article will very shortly appear on "Air-gas Installations." With acetylene mantles are not used, but with petrol air gas they are a necessity. The upkeep of a fifty to sixty light installation of either acetylene or petrol air gas varies from twelve pounds to eighteen pounds per annum, according to the amount of care taken in turning down lights and the number of lights in use at a time.—ED.]

LONDON'S FINEST STATUE OF QUEEN ANNE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I very much doubt whether one per cent. of the Londoners who are familiar enough with the Queen Anne Statue in white marble placed in front of St. Paul's Cathedral, know that a far finer portrait of that lady stands against the wall of No. 15, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster. The photograph I send you was taken with a telephoto lens from the other side of the street, and the railings, which rather hide the pedestal, were thus avoided.

The Queen is in full ceremonial dress, and wears the collar, George, and star of the Order of the Garter. It will be noted how delicately the embroidery of her dress is rendered, despite the fact that the Portland stone has faced the weather of nearly two centuries. She did not always face across the street. In days gone by, the western end of what is now Queen Anne's Gate was an enclosed square, and the statue stood in the middle of the street, on the central pier of two pairs of great iron gates, which entirely blocked it and so prevented its use as a thoroughfare. When the street was opened the statue was moved to its present position under the watchful eye of H.M. Office of Works, which is responsible for the care of the public statues of London. I do not know to what sculptor we may attribute this very fine work, but it is immeasurably superior to the St. Paul's statue, which is not itself the original figure from the hand of Francis Bird, but a copy which replaced Bird's when the latter became greatly defaced.—L. W.



QUEEN ANNE.